

THE CANADIAN FLAG DAY BOOK

W. EVERARD EDMONDS



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THE CANADIAN FLAG DAY BOOK

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BY

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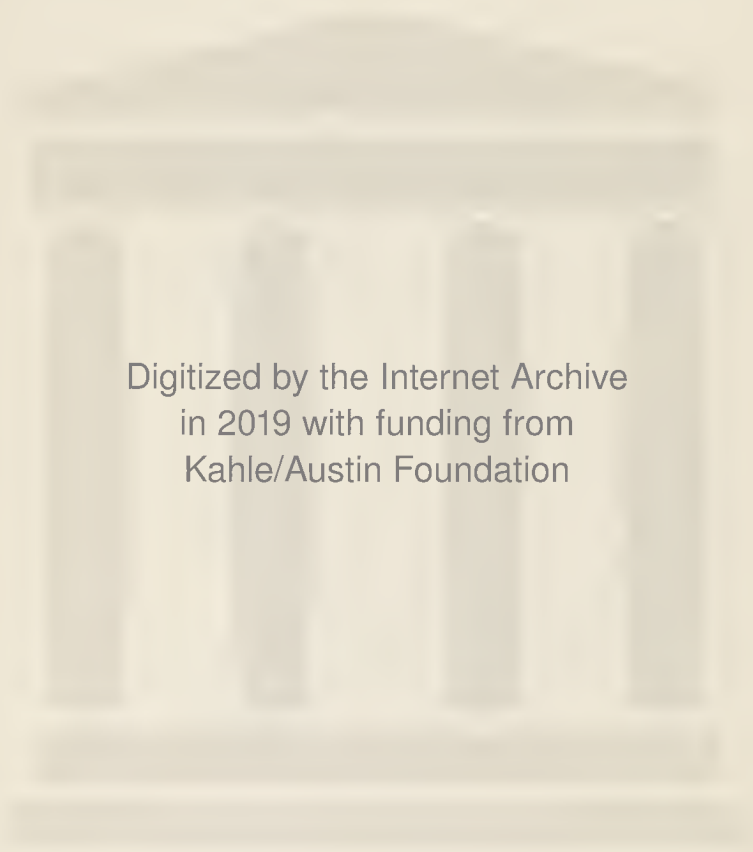
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LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*



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PREFACE.

"The Canadian Flag Day Book" has been prepared to mark the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, and the editor's earnest hope is that it will prove a worthy souvenir of the memorable occasion which called it forth. It has been compiled with but one object in view—to develop in the minds of our children a heartfelt love for Canada and a just pride in the great Empire of which this Dominion forms a part.

Patriotism, like religion, is a thing of the spirit rather than of the mind, of the heart rather than of the head. Like religion, patriotism has its symbols, and none is more expressive or more inspiring than "the Flag" which is the emblem of the nation's soul. It speaks for and speaks to one of the deepest feelings in our nature, and, throughout the present work, this thought has been kept in view.

"The Canadian Flag Day Book" includes twenty-four short essays commemorating outstanding events connected with the history of Canada or of the British Empire. For the convenience of schools two Flag Days have been chosen in each month, and for each, in addition to the essay or "Teacher's Talk", a list of selected poems and a short tentative programme have been provided.

The observance of these anniversaries should in no wise develop in our young people a militaristic spirit. On the contrary, it is hoped that the suggested Flag Day exercises will teach them that bravery may be shown each day on life's battle-field; that kindness to the weak is the duty of the strong; that true patriotism is based on a recognition of justice for all humanity.

To the writers and publishers whose valuable material has been used in preparing this work, the editor's acknowledgments are due, and are hereby gratefully tendered. Special thanks are due to Professor M. H. Long of the University of Alberta, and to the Department of Education of the Province of Alberta for many services. To Sir Harry Lauder and Albert E. MacNutt, the editor begs to acknowledge his obligations, as well as to the following publishers and authors for permission to use copyright material:

To the Proprietors of "Punch" and the Ryerson Press for "In Flanders Fields" by John McCrae; to the Publishers of "The Book of Knowledge" to use "Robin Hood and His Merry Men"; to The Oxford University Press for R. B. Mowat's "The Capture of Quebec"; to the Macmillan Co. of Canada for "The Great North West" by Agnes C. Laut, and D. M. Duncan's "Verendrye" and "Alexander Mackenzie"; to W. J. Gage & Co. for "The Battle of Queenston Heights" from Gammell's "Elementary History of Canada"; to the Copp Clark Co. for "Immortality" by Arthur S. Bourinot; to Canon F. G. Scott and his publishers; to the "Manitoba Free Press"; to all who have, in any way, made possible the publication of Canada's first "Flag Day Book".

W. E. E.

Edmonton,
April, 1927.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE SCHOOL FLAG.

Various questions arise in connection with the observance of Flag Days. Who is to have charge of the flag? Who is to raise it on the approved days, lower it, and put it away? Some teachers suggest a Flag Committee composed of the head boy of each class in the school. To avoid confusion, the boy at the head of the highest class should be chairman.

On what days shall the flag be raised? In some provinces the flag is raised every school day; in others, only on certain occasions. What days shall these be? Here, it is hoped, The Canadian Flag Day Book will be found helpful, for an attempt has been made to avoid any anniversary whose observance would wound sectional pride or excite unprofitable controversy.

With good sense on the part of the pupils and sympathetic tact on the part of teachers, the school flag may furnish pleasant and salutary incidents in the routine of the school year. The raising of the flag just before school in the morning, and the lowering of it just after school in the afternoon, will be a lesson in history to the neighbourhood.

We suggest also that a little, not too much, ceremony in the raising and the lowering of the flag will add to the impressiveness of the occasion. The boys are probably aware that it is a part of the etiquette of flag-raising and lowering that the flag shall never be allowed to touch the ground.

To be sure the flag is only a bit of bunting, and the country does not suffer a loss of dignity if the flag be permitted to touch the dust; but it is also an emblem. For the moment it represents the honour and glory of

our native land, and it is not sentimentality but true sentiment that forbids it to be soiled by contact with the earth.

WHAT THE UNION JACK REPRESENTS.

The Union Jack is not a thing simply to look at, to treat as a symbol of justice and good government, and to watch lazily as we sit at ease and say, "That is a very interesting object on the schoolhouse as it waves so nicely in the wind, but it has very little to do with you or me." No; it represents to us a great honour and a great privilege; it reminds us that we are citizens of no mean city, and sharers in the greatest empire the world has ever seen. You know what inspiration is (though that is a longer word than I meant to use)—something that seems to come from above, that tends to make you higher and better than you usually are; and I want you, when you see this flag waving on your schools, to let it be an inspiration to you. If any of you at any time should be tempted, as we all are tempted, to do something mean, or base, or vile, or cowardly, look up to that flag and forbear.

—*From an address by Lord Rosebery when handing over to the Edinburgh schools, the Union Jacks presented by the Victorian League.*

FLYING THE UNION JACK.

Boys and girls should know the right way of flying the Union Jack. Very often one sees it hoisted upside down. Literally this is a signal of distress, but ordinarily it signifies only ignorance or carelessness. Do not forget that the broad white fimbria on either side of the red cross should be at the top of the flag on the side nearest the pole. If a flag is flown at half-mast it is a signal of mourning.

THE FLAG SALUTE.

"I salute the Flag, the emblem of our Country, and to her I pledge my love and loyalty!"

CANADA.

Canada! Canada! garland we now,
Leaves of the maple to twine round thy name;
This is the chaplet we wreath for thy brow,
Bright with thy promise, and fair with thy fame.
Lo! now from the days where the shadows hang hoary,
Ascendeth thy star to its zenith of glory,
Outpouring its beams o'er thy wonderful story,
And tracing in gold all the way that thou came,
Canada! Canada! words cannot frame,
All of the love that our hearts would proclaim.

—*Blanche E. Holt Murison.*¹

O CANADA!

O CANADA! Our Home and Native Land!
True patriot-love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! Glorious and free!
We stand on guard for thee!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,

¹ By permission of the Author.

From East to Western Sea!
Thou land of hope for all who toil!
Thou True North, strong and free!
O Canada! Glorious and free!
We stand on guard for thee!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the years
From East to Western Sea,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland!
Our True North, strong and free!
O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!
*R. Stanley Weir.*¹

¹ By permission of the Author.

THE CANADIAN FLAG DAY BOOK

THE UNION JACK. FIRST UNFURLED JANUARY
1st, 1801.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

A Nation's flag is something more than a patch-work of colour on a piece of bunting. Its design and colouring have a history, and sometimes tell a story. Certainly this is so of the British flag. Perhaps, in all the world, there is no flag that bears upon its folds so interesting a story, or has its history so plainly written in its various colourings and markings, as has our own Union Jack.

The original English flag was the banner of St. George, a red cross on a white ground. When England and Scotland were united under one sovereign in 1603, James I.'s new subjects south of the Tweed flew this English "jack"; but his Scottish subjects clung to the banner of St. Andrew—a white diagonal cross on a dark blue ground.. Then, in 1606, to avoid confusion and misunderstanding, King James issued a proclamation authorizing the use of a "Union Flagge" on certain specified occasions; but it was not until the union of the parliaments of England and Scotland in Queen Anne's reign that the new flag was called by its present name.

Nearly a hundred years later, in 1801, the Irish parliament was merged into this Union parliament of Great Britain and a further addition was made to the flag. To the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, with their grounds of white and blue, was added the cross of St. Patrick, a red diagonal cross on a white ground.

There we have the Union Jack as it is to-day, but there is one point about its growth that is well worth noting.

“The history of these successive blendings shows most plainly that the triune flag arose not from union under one sovereign, but from legislative union under one parliament. The Union Jack, therefore, has become the emblem of the British constitution and the British race. It is now the symbol of loyalty to one sovereign and the existence of government under British parliamentary union; and therefore wherever displayed, it indicates the presence of British liberties and British law.”

Our flag has come to us, then, not by way of strife and bloody revolution, but by union and co-operation. In the combination of the three crosses, due honour has been given to each of the banners of the three kingdoms, while the story of their union has been visualized in a manner at once beautiful and remarkable. The colours of the Union Jack are red, the emblem of courage; white, the emblem of purity; and blue, the emblem of truth. It is red with the blood of heroes; it is blue with the blueness of the sea; it is white as the stainless soul of Justice, which it represents wherever it flies.

North and south and east and west it flies, over wide untenanted spaces and over crowded cities, over lands just emerging from barbarism and over ancient civilizations. On every continent it floats, over hundreds of tribes and races. Not a church nor faith is there without worship under the British flag; not a language among men which is not spoken somewhere 'neath its shadow. Above the broad veldt of South Africa, through the spacious bushlands of Australia, across the young provinces of the Dominion of Canada, over the forests of Newfoundland, and above the templed cities of India our flag floats, and wherever it floats, it is loved and cherished.

Why is this? We need not ask if we but remember what our flag flies for. It flies for the government of the people, by the people, and for the people. It flies for liberty to all who will use it and not abuse it. It flies for the honour of the spoken and the written word. It flies for the spread of truth and peace throughout the world.

Such is the flag we honour to-day, and these are the things that it stands for. Surely as we gaze on its fair folds with its three crosses spelling out duty, service, and sacrifice, we do well to believe with the poet that it is not only worthy of our love and reverence, but that it is beyond all peradventure "the best of flags on earth."

THE UNION JACK.

'Tis thy flag and my flag, the best of flags on earth—
Oh, cherish it, my children, for 'tis yours by right of
birth.

Your fathers fought, your fathers died, to rear it to the
sky;
And we like them, will never yield, but keep it flying
high.

'Tis thy flag and my flag—there's not a wind that blows
To stir the tropic waters or to sweep the Arctic snows,
But spares a breath to wave anew the flag that's never
furled,
The Union Jack, my children,—'tis the envy of the
world.

'Tis thy flag and my flag—across the ocean wide
Our kinsmen look upon it with a thrill of love and pride;
It speaks to them in distant lands, wherever they may
roam,
Of Honour, Faith, and Freedom bright, of Country, King
and Home.

'Tis thy flag and my flag—dark millions own its sway,
And know that 'neath its ample folds their night is
turned to day.
With us they join in heartfelt prayer ascending to the
sky,
That God will keep the dear old flag, and keep it flying
high.

SONG—THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O Britannia, the pride of the Ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS :

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

THE UNION JACK.

It's only a small piece of bunting,
It's only an old coloured rag;
Yet thousands have died for its honour,
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,
Which, of old, Scotland's heroes has led;
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's greatest have bled.

Joined with these is our old English ensign,
St. George's red cross on white field;
Round which, from Richard to Roberts,
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the wind and the waves;
And bondsmen from shackles unloosened,
'Neath its shadows no longer are slaves.

It floats o'er Australia, New Zealand,
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong;
And Britons, where'er their flag's flying,
Claim the rights which to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion
To our King, our country, and laws;
It's the outward and visible emblem,
Of progress and liberty's cause.

You may say it's an old bit of bunting,
You may call it an old coloured rag;
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled our flag.

THE COLOURS OF THE FLAG.

What is the blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through the tempest dread
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honour of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light
And stands while the hills shall stand;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain,
On the burning sands in the wild waste lands
And the froth of the purple main;

And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod
And the crest of the waves outrolled,
That He send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one—
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword
And a bullet in heart or brain.
What matter one gone, if the flag float on
And Britain be lord of the main!
—*Canon Frederick George Scott.*¹

¹ By permission of the Author.

II.

INSTITUTION OF THE VICTORIA CROSS JAN. 29th, 1856.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

The Victoria Cross is a British military decoration instituted at the close of the Crimean War in 1856. It is granted to soldiers and sailors of any rank for a single act of valour in the presence of the enemy. It is a Maltese cross of bronze, with a royal crown in the centre, surmounted by a lion. The words "For Valour" are indented on a scroll below the crown. The ribbon is red for the Army, and blue for the Navy.

Since 1856 the annals of British valour have been enriched by the record of many deeds of bravery, but I feel sure that the readers of this little book will pardon me for making reference to one outstanding exploit of the Great War—especially as the winner of the V. C., in this instance, was for three years a pupil of my own. I refer to the gallant deed which won for Lieutenant Alan McLeod the soldiers' and sailors' most coveted decoration.

Alan Arnett McLeod was born in Stonewall, Manitoba, and was attending school there when the Great War broke out. Like many another Canadian lad, he waited eagerly for the time when his age would permit him to join the Air Force. Three days after his eighteenth birthday, he left home to report at Toronto,—and in December, 1917, he reached France as a commissioned officer.

In the spring of 1918 occasional letters from "Buster", as Lieutenant McLeod was familiarly known

in his home town, showed that he had attained his heart's desire, and was seeing much active service on the Western Front. The first intimation, however, of his award of the Victoria Cross was a cable received by his parents from London on May 1st, the official story being as follows:

"The Victoria Cross has been awarded to Second Lieut. Alan A. McLeod, who, whilst flying with an observer, Lieut. W. Hammond, in a bombing machine gunning a hostile formation, was attacked at a height of 5,000 feet by eight enemy triplanes. By skilful manoeuvring he enabled his observer to shoot down three of these out of control. Lieut. McLeod was by this time wounded five times. A bullet penetrated the petrol tank and set fire to his machine. He then climbed out to the left bottom plane, controlling the machine from the side of the fuselage and by side-slipping steeply kept the flames to one side, enabling the observer to continue firing until the ground was reached. The observer had been wounded six times; and when the machine crashed in No Man's Land, Lieut. McLeod, despite his own wounds, dragged him away from the burning wreckage at great personal risk from heavy enemy machine gun fire. Although again wounded by a bomb, Lieut. McLeod managed to place Lieut. Hammond in comparative safety before he fell himself from exhaustion and loss of blood."

Then followed a period of severe illness in a London hospital, his condition being so critical that his father, Dr. A. M. McLeod, went overseas to be with him.

It was on Sept. 5 that King George summoned the young hero to Buckingham Palace and decorated him with the Victoria Cross, the highest military decoration in the world.

On the night of Sept. 30 Lieut. McLeod returned to Winnipeg and was tendered a great reception, thousands of citizens and hundreds of people from his native town of Stonewall being at the C. P. R. station to welcome him.

Congratulatory speeches were made by Mayor F. H. Davidson, R. D. Waugh, and Brig.-Gen. H. D. B. Ketchen, but Gen. Ketchen paid Lieut. McLeod the highest tribute when he said, "His name in the air force to-day is one that will always be remembered. It has been said among military men that if a man could win two V. C.'s then Lieut. McLeod should have had them."

Later that night another reception was tendered the young hero on his arrival at Stonewall by the people of his home town.

On both these occasions Lieut. McLeod replied very modestly as became a real hero and British soldier.

Lieutenant McLeod intended to return to France, but the young life so miraculously spared on the battlefield succumbed to influenza, and he died in the General Hospital at Winnipeg, on Nov. 6th, 1918.

"He has gone; yet he leaves behind an undying story and an immortal name. He will live forever as a type of the best and noblest of our nation. His example will inspire countless generations yet to be, with love of honour, contempt of danger, pride of race. That is true immortality."

IMMORTALITY.

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,

Fallen for Freedom's sake;

They merely sleep with faces that are paler

Until they wake.

They will not weep, the mothers, in the years

The future will decree;

For they have died that the battles and the tears

Should cease to be.

They will not die, the victorious and the slain,

Sleeping in foreign soil,

They gave their lives, but to the world is the gain

Of their sad toil.

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
Until they wake.

—*Arthur S. Bourinot.*¹

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

—*Theodore O'Hara.*

HOW SHALL I SERVE MY COUNTRY?

How shall I serve my father's land?
There are no battles to be won,
No deeds that heroes might have done,
No lives to give at her command.

Nay, none of these—but lives to live,
Within, of gentle soul and pure,
Without, of zeal and courage sure,
For all the best that life can give.

And then to crown the finished span,
To honour country and her dead,
'Twere meed enough that it be said,
He lived a true Canadian.

—*M. A. De Wolfe Howe (slightly adapted).*

¹ From "Laurentian Lyrics". Copp, Clark Co. By permission of the Author.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—*William Collins.*

III.

CANADA CEDED TO GREAT BRITAIN.

The Treaty of Paris, signed February 10, 1763.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

By the Treaty of Paris, France gave up to Great Britain all claim to Acadia "in all its parts" and ceded "Canada with all its dependencies, the Island of Cape Breton, and all the other islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence". The little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, lying to the south of Newfoundland, were retained by France "to serve as a shelter to the French fishermen". In ceding Canada to Britain, the French King stipulated that the inhabitants should be granted the liberty of their religion, the British King promising on his part that his new subjects should be allowed to worship according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church as far as the laws of Great Britain might permit.

This treaty brought to an end the long Seven Years' War which may be regarded as a turning point in the history of the world, three of its many victories determining for ages to come the destinies of mankind. Of these three victories, Rossbach, Plassey and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, it is only the last that need claim our attention to-day.

From the very outset success lay with the British. Then, as now, Britain was Mistress of the Seas, and this was a vital factor in a struggle where the arena of conflict lay three thousand miles away. Again, the British in America vastly outnumbered the French. The French population was little more than fifty thousand, while the British colonies comprised more than a million

souls. Finally, the British Colonies in America had been the result of free growth, while the French in Canada had been cribbed and confined under absolute government, the military character of their settlements having prevented them from becoming prosperous agricultural and industrial communities. Accordingly, only four years after Braddock's defeat in the Ohio Valley, the British ensign waved over the citadel of Quebec, and four years later France yielded to Britain all her territory on American soil.

Though more than one hundred and fifty years have passed since the signing of the Treaty of Paris, and though the French Canadians are "a distinct and visible element which is not English," yet their political constitution derives its strength from English principles. These have developed the French Canadian character to a degree which was never possible under the enfeebling conditions of the old French régime. In those days the king was supreme. "I am the state," said Louis XIV. in the arrogance of his power; and it is thus easy to understand that there could be no such free government or such representative institutions in Canada as were enjoyed from the very commencement of their history by the English colonies of America. The historian Parkman sums up the conditions which fettered French Canadian trade and industry in one short sentence: "A system of authority, monopoly, and exclusion in which the Government and not the individual acted always the foremost part."

With the advent of British rule all was changed. The Treaty of Paris gave relief to French Canada from the absolutism of old France and started the colony on a new career of self-government and political liberty. Another historian has referred to the "British mind"—that love of fairness and justice which has done so much to build up and weld together the various parts of the British Empire. That characteristic was so eminently displayed in 1763 in Britain's provision for the liberty of French Canadians, that one is not surprised to read words like

these written by one of their most distinguished sons: "We French-Canadians," said George Etienne Cartier, in a letter to the great Liberal statesman, Gladstone, "are British subjects like the others, but British subjects speaking French."

Cartier was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Confederation. He did not share the fears of those who thought that the differences of religion would wreck the new Dominion. On the contrary, he believed that it was precisely because of the differences of race that a federal system should be resorted to. "We are of different races," he said, "not for the purpose of warring against each other, but in order to compete for the general welfare." There we have the keynote of real national unity.

With the signing of the Peace Treaty, Canada entered, as she did in 1763, upon a new era of history. Now, as then, her greatest need is unity. But unity cannot be achieved by legislation alone. It cannot possibly be attained by dwelling on ancient feuds or magnifying present disagreements. We must forget the distinctions between East and West, creed and creed, class and class, race and race. United we stand; divided we fall. Let us, therefore, close up the ranks and march forward to national greatness.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark, hark! What myriads bid ye rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
When peace and liberty lie bleeding?

CHORUS:

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
To mete and rend the light and air!
To mete and rend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they lead us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

CHORUS:

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
The blood-stained sword our conqu'rors wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

CHORUS:

—*Rouget De Lisle.*

IV.

DECLARATION OF RIGHT.

Accepted by William and Mary, Feb. 13, 1689.

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND".

When James II. fled from England during the Revolution of 1688—the so-called Bloodless Revolution—the Lords and Commons determined that the instrument by which the Prince and Princess of Orange were called to the throne, and by which the order of succession was settled, should set forth, in the most distinct and solemn manner, the fundamental principles of the Constitution. This instrument, known by the name of the Declaration of Right, was prepared by a committee, of which Somers was chairman. In a few hours the Declaration was framed and approved by the Commons. The Lords assented to it with some amendments of no great importance.

The Declaration began by recapitulating the crimes and errors which had made a revolution necessary. James had invaded the province of the Legislature; had treated modest petitioning as a crime; had oppressed the Church by means of an illegal tribunal; had, without the consent of Parliament, levied taxes and maintained a standing army in time of peace; had violated the freedom of election, and perverted the cause of justice. Proceedings which could lawfully be questioned only in Parliament had been made subjects of prosecution in the King's Bench. Partial and corrupt juries had been returned. Excessive bail had been required from prisoners; excessive fines had been imposed; barbarous and unusual punishments had been inflicted; the estates of

accused persons had been granted away before conviction. He, by whose authority these things had been done, had abdicated the government. The Prince of Orange, whom God had made the glorious instrument of delivering the nation from superstition and tyranny, had invited the estates of the realm to meet and to take counsel together for the securing of religion, of law, and of freedom. The Lords and Commons, having deliberated, had resolved that they would first, after the examples of their ancestors, assert the ancient rights and liberties of England. Therefore it was declared that the dispensing power, lately assumed and exercised, had no legal existence; that, without grant of Parliament, no money could be exacted by the sovereign from the subject; that, without consent of Parliament, no standing army could be kept up in time of peace. The right of subjects to petition, the right of electors to choose representatives freely, the right of Parliament to freedom of debate, the right of the nation to a pure and merciful administration of justice according to the spirit of its own mild laws, were solemnly affirmed. All these things the Convention claimed, in the name of the whole nation, as the undoubted inheritance of Englishmen. Having thus vindicated the Principles of the Constitution, the Lords and Commons, in the entire confidence that the deliverer would hold sacred the laws and liberties which he had saved, resolved that William and Mary, prince and princess of Orange, should be declared king and queen of England for their joint and separate lives, and that, during their joint lives, the administration of the government should be in the prince alone.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 13th of February, the court of Whitehall and all the neighboring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting House, the masterpiece of Inigo, embellished with masterpieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the

guard. Near the southern door, on the right hand, a large number of peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons, with their speaker, attended by the mace. The northern door opened, and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both houses approached, bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Powle on the left, stood forth. and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed their highnesses to hear. They signified their consent; and the clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the estates of the realm, requested the prince and princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name, and in that of his wife, answered that the crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. "We thankfully accept," said he, "what you have offered us." Then for himself, he assured them that the laws of England, which he had once already vindicated, should be the rules of his conduct; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom; and that, as to the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own. These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons then reverently retired from the Banqueting House, and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards. All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle-drums struck up; the trumpets pealed; and Garter king-at-arms in a loud voice proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England; charged all Englishmen to pay, from that moment, faith and true

allegiance to the new sovereigns; and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our Church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. The Declaration of Right, though it made nothing law which had not been law before, contained the germ of law which gave religious freedom to the Dissenter, of the law which secured the independence of the judges, of the law which limited the duration of Parliaments, of the law which placed the liberty of the press under the protection of juries, of the law which prohibited the slave-trade, of the law which abolished the sacramental test, of the law which relieved the Roman Catholics from civil disabilities, of the law which reformed the representative system, of every good law which has been passed during a hundred and sixty years, of every good law which may hereafter, in the course of ages, be found necessary to promote the public weal, and to satisfy the demands of public opinion.

The highest eulogy which can be pronounced on the revolution of 1688 is this, that it was our last revolution. Several generations have now passed away since any wise and patriotic Englishman has meditated resistance to the established government. In all honest and reflecting minds there is a conviction daily strengthened by experience, that the means of effecting every improvement which the Constitution requires may be found within the Constitution itself.

TRUE LIBERTY.

“People talk of liberty as if it meant the liberty to do just what a man likes. I call that man free who is able to rule himself. I call him free who fears doing wrong, but fears nothing else. I call that man free who has learned the most blessed of all truths,—that liberty consists in the obedience to the power, and to the will, and to the law that his higher soul reverences and approves. He is not

free because he does what he likes ; but he is free because he does what he ought, and there is no protest in his soul against that doing."

—*F. W. Robertson.*

FREEDOM'S HOME.

You ask me why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will ;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

—*Tennyson.*

V.

THE MEANING OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

*First Responsible Ministry formed in Canada,
March 11, 1848.*

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

"Two great processes have been distinguished in the evolution of British institutions," says Professor Chester Martin, "order first, then freedom in its train." Of the two, freedom is perhaps the more important, but order is the more fundamental, because without it, freedom degenerates into license and destroys itself. What we understand by responsible government came in between the two, and we would do well to study its development both in the Mother Country and in Canada, for without it, democracy is meaningless and impossible.

Order may readily be attained even under an absolute monarchy. Under the Norman Kings in England it was attained more thoroughly, and centuries earlier, than elsewhere in mediæval Europe. By the end of the twelfth century, the country, if not free, was free enough from disorder to think of freedom; and when King John began to abuse his power, the nation asserted itself in the Great Charter of 1215.

The early stages of the struggle for freedom were, however, slow and tentative. The King created the House of Commons as a tax-voting machine, little realizing what it would later become. The result was nearly four centuries of representative, but not responsible government. The Commons could make the laws, but they had no power to enforce them.

It became evident by the middle of the seventeenth century that legislative power alone was not enough because it could be circumvented by a hostile executive in the hands of the King. It was necessary for the people's chamber to be able to carry out the laws in the spirit in which those laws were conceived, that is, through responsible ministers. In the Grand Remonstrance against Charles I. in 1641, a definite demand was made for the first time that the King should appoint as ministers only those in whom Parliament had confidence.

The process of controlling the appointment of the King's ministers was not, however, a matter of easy accomplishment, and it came about, more than a century later, by practice and experiment in what is now known as the cabinet and party system. William III. chose his ministers from that party which had a majority in the House of Commons, and the precedent thus established has been followed ever since. The influence exerted by the cabinet is greater than that of the Crown; for the responsible ministers supported by a majority in Parliament can bend the Sovereign's will to their own by refusing supplies.

Responsible government in Great Britain was thus the result not of statutes and writs and charters, but of practice based upon generations of costly experience. As a system it was found to work, and, in the long run, discovered to be the only system that would work when the electorate had begun to realize their real responsibility and to think for themselves.

It is remarkable how closely this process was reproduced in the development of British colonies, provinces and dominions, except that such development usually lagged a century or more behind the usages taken for granted in the Mother Country. This may be due to the fact that the system of cabinet and party government in Great Britain had been so essentially experimental that it had scarcely been reduced as yet to a body of political doctrine. In any case, many of the prerogatives of the Crown long survived their usefulness in the British

colonies overseas; and one of the most remarkable features of the conflict that followed was the fact that a fully "responsible government" in the Mother Country was long unprepared to concede to the people in the colonies the same rights and usages that had been vindicated against the Crown in Britain itself.

Let us now turn to America. Almost from the beginning, the British colonies on this continent had their legislative assemblies in which the colonists could make their own laws and levy such taxes as were required for their needs. But free men are always the first to resent tyranny, and it was because they had already been given a large measure of self-government that the American colonists rebelled when George III. and his unwise advisers sought to tax them for the benefit of the Mother Country. Thus Britain's first experiment in the development of colonial self-government failed disastrously through the stubbornness of the King and faulty statesmanship on the part of his advisers.

It is interesting to observe that the problem which it took four centuries to settle in Great Britain, and a century and a half to raise in the Thirteen Colonies, came to an issue in Canada in less than fifty years. Had it not been for the War of 1812, the crisis would doubtless have been reached in at least a single generation after the granting of the first elective assembly.

By the Constitutional Act of 1791, Legislative Assemblies were established in Upper and Lower Canada whereby the people had a voice in the making of their own laws through their elected representatives. Then, step by step, the Assemblies gained control over all the revenues of the provinces. This "power of the purse", as it has been called, was fully won by 1831.

Next, the Assemblies began to demand that the Governor should choose his executive or advisory council from the party that had a majority in the Assembly. Not, however, until the Rebellion of 1837, and the completion of Lord Durham's famous "Report", was this principle conceded. Even then the government was not

fully responsible, for Lord Sydenham would not admit that the Governor must necessarily follow the advice of his colonial ministers. To recognize such a principle, he argued, would be to pave the way for the separation of Canada from the Mother Country by whose government he had been appointed and to which alone he held himself responsible.

This last obstacle in the path of Responsible Government was not surmounted until Lord Elgin came to Canada. Elgin was the son-in-law of Lord Durham, and had at heart the working out of Durham's plans for self-government in British North America. It was Lord Elgin in Canada, and Lord Grey in the Mother Country who now saw a way through the difficulties of the situation. The rule which they agreed to follow was that if a matter were vital to the Empire at large, the Governor-General must act according to the instructions of the Imperial Government, but in all matters of purely Canadian concern he must act solely on the advice of his Canadian ministers.

The adoption of this rule marks the definite triumph of the principle of Responsible Government in Canada, and the moment when the principle was finally and irrevocably accepted was at the signing of the Rebellion Losses Bill in 1849. Lord Elgin himself disapproved of some features of this measure, as did many others. Yet the Parliament of Canada had passed the Bill and the Governor's ministers advised him to sign it. Clearly it was a matter of purely Canadian concern. Therefore in spite of insults and violence, Lord Elgin stood by the great principle of Responsible Government, and from that moment it became a fundamental principle of the Canadian Constitution.

But, it may be said, Responsible Government by no means implies good government. That is true; but, as a British premier stated in reference to granting this form of government to South Africa, self-government is more important than good government. Responsible Government is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. It

is a method of procedure by which a people may get the kind of government that they deserve. Under Responsible Government, the element of responsibility is shifted from the ministers of the Crown to the electorate, and good government is possible only when the electorate itself is free from corruption.

CANADIANS, BE TRUE!

Rear up a nation firm and just,
A shrine of Liberty;
Raise up the earth-trod from the dust,
And make them strong and free,
Till none in all her wide domain
Be overwrought by power,
And they from every clime and strain
May bless her natal hour!
The millions in the future's hand
Look with all hope to you;
It is your duty to your land:
Canadians, be true!

CANADA'S GOVERNMENT.

"You possess the best form of government with which any historical nation has ever been blessed. The excellency of the British Constitution with the self-expanding energies it embodies, is an ancient story which I need not insist upon, but as there are always external forces which disturb the working of the most perfect mechanism, so, in an old country like England, many influences exist to trouble the harmonious operations of the political machine; but here our Constitution has been set agoing entirely disencumbered of those entanglements which traditional prejudices and social complications have given birth to at home. My advice to you, then, would be to guard and cherish the characteristics of your Constitution with a sleepless vigilance."

—*Lord Dufferin*—*A former Governor-General of Canada.*

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

From the "Manitoba Free Press."

The love of country is a virtue that has been praised by the best of mankind. Only the man whose soul is dead is indifferent to such a noble passion. Love of country and love of God have almost equal value in the estimation of men. The offence of treason is scarcely less odious than the act of apostacy. The interests of religion and those of patriotism have always been closely intertwined. The man who lives most in harmony with the principles of his religion, it is generally assumed, is the most fitted to perform the functions of citizenship. The Hebrew nation which makes the greatest religious contribution to our civilization also gives us an example of the highest type of patriotism. One of the exiled statesmen of that race affirmed that his right hand should forget its cunning before he would forget his native city.

The songs of patriotism and the eulogies of country are scattered profusely through the literature of every nation. When the muse of patriotism ceases to speak, the country ceases to make progress. English literature would lose one of its chief attractions but for the physical setting of its great songs and stories. What the body is to the soul, that the country is to its ideals. The country is the symbol of the ideals of the people. Thus it is that love of country and love of ideals become so nearly synonymous. England, Ireland, and Scotland immediately suggest ideals and aims which have been cherished and defended through long generations. The attraction of the Old Land is not its physical features alone or its prosperity. It is sought from afar because it is the cradle of liberty, the playground of a people who hold justice as of more value than life, and the arena where the nation paid for its principles with blood.

The power of this peculiar passion is seen in the great crises of history. Britain has often been torn by strife and faction. But when there was a menace of foreign

invasion all divergencies were united by this master passion and the people stood firmly against the world. The right kind of patriotism will drive out petty living, petty politics, petty religion, and petty nationalism.

How can a love of country be cultivated? The answer is clear to every reader of history. We must study our national history and mark the influences that have shaped and moulded the national character. To have a genuine love of country, a man must make it his own. The man without a country is an irresponsible wanderer and a poor example. Let the man take the country he lives in for better or for worse. His love for it will grow as he builds his home there; works, struggles, suffers, and rears a family; plants trees, sows and reaps; and shares in the community responsibilities of education and religion. A country to be loved must be worthy of love.

From every angle of approach we have in Canada a land worthy of admiration and affection. It is the country of the future. If love of country means to us what it has meant to others, its cultivation will be one of the most powerful unifying agencies within our reach. Let the note of patriotism be sounded often. It will tend to create high ideals, good will and national harmony.

“Love thou thy land with love far brought,
From out the storied Past, and brought
Within the Present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought.”

VI.

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

(March 25, 1807).

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

Ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth when Hawkins and other seamen had carried negroes from Africa to the Spanish dominions, slavery had been regarded in England as a lawful institution. The triumphs of Marlborough in the War of the Spanish Succession virtually gave England a monopoly of the slave trade, and nothing was done to check the evils of this horrible traffic until the end of the eighteenth century. Opposition came at last from a small group of abolitionists, the most outstanding of these being Granville Sharpe, Zachary Macaulay, Thomas Clarkson, and William Wilberforce. Both Sharpe and Macaulay devoted their time, talents and fortune to the gigantic task of freeing the slaves, but nothing tangible was accomplished until Clarkson and Wilberforce united their efforts to secure the passing of the Act we commemorate to-day.

It was after a conversation with William Pitt, "in the open air, at the foot of an old tree", that Wilberforce resolved to bring in a bill for the abolition of the slave traffic. While Clarkson conducted the agitation throughout the country, Wilberforce took every opportunity in the House of Commons to expose the evils and horrors of the trade. A bill was introduced in 1788, but it fell before the opposition of the Liverpool slave merchants and the general indifference of the members of Parliament.

Notwithstanding the unceasing efforts of these two great co-workers to educate public opinion, it was not until 1807 that the first great step towards the abolition of slavery was accomplished.

Undoubtedly, the man to whom the chief honour belongs in this forward step of humanity is Thomas Clarkson. In 1785 he gained a prize at Trinity College, Cambridge, for a Latin essay on the subject, "Is it right to make men slaves against their own will?" In collecting materials for this essay his conscience was deeply touched. "It is impossible," he says, "to imagine the anguish which it cost me. In the day I was agitated and uneasy, and sometimes I could not close my eyes all the night."

He gained the prize, and after reading his essay in the Senate House of the University, set out to ride from Cambridge to London. "I could not," says he, "divest myself of the feeling that it was the duty of someone to expose the horrors of this bloody traffic. I got down from my horse, and sat on the turf by the roadside, and here it forcibly occurred to me that something should be done to put an end to such cruelties."

Then and there this young man of twenty-four dedicated himself to days of mighty self-denial. His life was in constant peril from the hatred of enraged slave-owners and slave-dealers. More than once he had to go about in disguise to collect the necessary evidence. But he struggled on, and in time success crowned his efforts. In 1807 the slave trade was abolished in Great Britain, and in 1833 eight hundred thousand slaves in the British Colonies received their freedom. Thus by the Act of Emancipation, the same freedom which had existed on the soil of the parent kingdom was extended to every race living under the Union Jack.

It is the special glory of Canada that she had already forestalled this important piece of legislation. In 1793 at the second session of the Parliament of Upper Canada, slavery had been abolished. This was before the Union Jack, in its present form, came into existence, so that of

all the outer lands over which this flag of 1801 has ever been raised, a province of Canada was the first to proclaim the freedom of the slave. From whatever part of the continent of America the bondman came, from the British West Indies, from the southern continent, from Cuba, or from the United States, as soon as he reached the soil of Upper Canada, that moment he was free. Thus for more than a century the three-crossed Jack has been to Canadians not only the national ensign of the British race, but the real "Flag of Freedom in America". All honour then to the flag which floats over our heads to-day, for,—

"Though it may sink o'er a shot-torn wreck,
It never flies over a slave."

* * * *

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country and their shackles fall."
—*Cowper.*

SLAVERY.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother and destroys;
And worse than all and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,

Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then, what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is—and, in my heart's
Just estimation, prized above all price—
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
—*Cowper.*

SLAVERY.

Slavery is a violence to our nature, to which nothing but abjectness can reconcile a man, and which we honour him for repelling. . . . Still, I do not charge cruelty on slavery as its worst evil. The great evil is the contempt and violation of human rights, the injustice which treats a man as a brute, and which breaks his spirit to make him a human tool. It is the injustice which denies him the means of improvement, which denies him scope for his powers, which dooms him to an unchangeable lot, which robs him of the primitive right of human nature, that of bettering his outward and inward state.

—*William Ellery Channing.*

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungather'd rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand;
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flow'd;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Deseend the mountain road.

The forests, with their myriads tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep, and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day,
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

—*Longfellow.*

ON EMANCIPATION FOR THE NEGRO.

"I demand his rights; I demand his liberty without stint. In the name of justice and of law, in the name of reason, in the name of God, who has given you no right to work injustice, I demand that your brother be no longer trampled upon as your slave! I make my appeal to the Commons, who represent the free people of England, and I require at their hands the performance of that condition for which they paid so enormous a price—that condition which all their constituents are in breathless anxiety to see fulfilled! I appeal to this House! Hereditary judges of the first tribunal in the world, to you I appeal for justice! Patrons of all the arts that humanize mankind, under your protection I place humanity herself! To the merciful sovereign of a free people, I call aloud for

mercy! To the hundreds of thousands for whom half a million of her Christian sisters have cried out, I ask their cry may not have risen in vain. But, first, I turn my eye to the Throne of all justice, and, devoutly humbling myself before Him who is of purer eyes than to behold such vast iniquities, I implore that the curse hovering over the head of the unjust and the oppressor be averted from us, that your hearts may be turned to mercy, and that over all the earth His will may at length be done!"

—*From a speech delivered in the House of Lords
by Lord Brougham.*

VII.

THE BATTLE OF ST. JULIEN—April 22, 1915.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

April 22nd is a red-letter day in the Canadian Calendar of Important Events, for it was on that day, in the year 1915, that Canada's hero-soldiers in the Great War so bravely withstood the first gas attack ever launched in the long history of warfare. It was a critical time for Britain and her Allies, and if the Canadian troops had once given way during those first three terrible days of the Second Battle of Ypres, one can easily surmise what would have happened. Not only would Belgium have had to be abandoned but a large portion of Northern France as well. The French channel ports would have become bases for the enemy, and England's control of the channel lost. The situation was saved for the Allies by the gallantry of the Canadian troops at St. Julien.

"No Canadians," said Sir Robert Borden, after his first visit to the Western Front, "can ever look forth upon that valley where Ypres lies shattered in the distance, and where sweep the hills that overlook the graves of one hundred thousand brave men, without being profoundly moved. The battle that raged for so many days in the neighborhood of Ypres was bloody, even as men appraise battles in this greatest of wars. But as long as brave deeds retain the power to fire the blood of Anglo-Saxons, the stand made by Canadians in the Spring of 1915 will be told by fathers to their sons."

The Second Battle of Ypres began on the evening of April 22nd, and lasted until May 13. The first three days of this fierce struggle, generally known as the Battle

of St. Julien, is described by the official "Eye Witness" in the following words:

"The morning of April 22nd opened warm and sunny, and everything seemed quiet in front of the Canadian line, which extended for some five thousand yards in a northwesterly direction to where the French were entrenched. At five o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, aided by a favourable wind, sent over asphyxiating gas in great quantity, directed especially against the French line, which was compelled to give ground for a considerable distance. Thus the Canadians were unsupported on their left, and the situation became exceedingly grave. It became necessary to extend the Canadian lines to the left rear to bridge the gap of four miles that had been made. In the course of the confusion which followed the readjustment, the enemy advanced rapidly and took four British guns lent to the French and stationed in a small wood to the west of the village of St. Julien.

"At midnight this wood was charged by two battalions, the Tenth and the Sixteenth, which had been in reserve at the beginning of the fight. They re-captured the guns, and being unable to bring them away, destroyed them. The Tenth was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Boyle, who, within a few hours, received mortal wounds. The Canadians were outnumbered four to one. The suffering caused by the gas was indescribable; still the fight went on throughout the night. The Germans were held back, and early in the morning the British were able to send reinforcements into the gap on the left.

"The fighting continued throughout the 23rd. The losses were huge and no food could be got up to the survivors for twenty-four hours. At 3.30 on the second morning the Germans launched another great gas attack. This time a battalion of Winnipeg troops bore the brunt of the attack and in a truly glorious manner held their ground. Throughout the 24th British reinforcements were being rushed up, and by Sunday evening, practi-

cally all the Canadians had been withdrawn, completely exhausted."

Many are the tributes that have been paid to the conduct of the Canadian troops at St. Julien, but that of John Buchan, himself a soldier in the Great War, may be said to epitomize them all.

"Consider," he says, "what these men had to face. Attacked and outflanked by four divisions, stupefied by a poison of which they had never dreamed and which they did not understand, with no heavy artillery to support them, they endured till reinforcements came, and they did more than endure. After days and nights of tension they had the spirit of counter-attack. When called upon they cheerfully returned to the inferno they had left. If the sailent of Ypres will be for all time the classic battle-ground of Britain, that blood-stained segment between the Poelcapelle and Zonnebeke roads will remain the Holy Land of Canadian arms."

On this day, then, we cannot forget those who sleep their last sleep in Flanders' Field. But we should remember, too, the brave fellows who have come back to us, many of them gassed, maimed or shattered in health. Nor these alone, for there is a vaster army still, the wives and mothers, who, in many cases, gave their all. These, indeed, deserve our thanks and not our pity, and this sentiment is so in keeping with the anniversary of St. Julien Day that many will be glad to read again the beautiful words of J. W. Daffoe, written on his return from the battlefields of France:

"For those who mourn for the unreturning brave there are secret springs of consolation! The ending of the full-lived life is not tragic; the symbol of poignant grief is the broken column that bespeaks the day that ended in the morning. But for those who die for their country there is not this sense of irremediable loss, this feeling of the un-lived life, the unfulfilled dream. There is an instinct deep-hidden in human life which tells the mourner that for the man who falls upon the field of honour his life has come full circle whatever the tale of

his years; and that somewhere in the divine scheme of things there is compensation for the lost experiences and achievements.

"If the dead gave their lives without bitterness and the living are consoled, Canada, the common mother of both, is richer for all time for their sacrifice. In the life of the race a single generation passes like a heartbeat; but the chosen few from this generation, whose names are in the lists of the lost, are secure in their fame and in their power. They have set for all time for Canada the standards of service and of sacrifice; their example will, now and forever, sweeten our civic life, and if the occasion calls will nerve the youth of Canada to emulate their deeds on the stricken field. A thousand years from now Canadian youths will read the story of their deeds with hearts uplifted and with kindling eyes. Safe in such an immortality what matters it that they sleep far from Canada upon the battlefields of France!"

"THE LADDIES WHO FOUGHT AND WON."

BY SIR HARRY LAUDER.

A poem to be read or sung to commemorate the spirit of the Canadians who fought and won, and lost their lives in the Battle of St. Julien.

There's a dear old lady, Mother Britain is her name,
And she's all the world to me.
She's a dear old soul, always the same,
With a heart as big as three.
And when troubles and trials are knocking at her door
And the days seem dark and long,
Her sons on the land, and her sons on the sea
They all march to this song:

CHORUS:

When fighting is over and the war is won,
And the Flags are waving free,
When the bells are ringing,
And the boys are singing songs in every key,

When we all gather round the old fire-side,
And the old mother kisses her son,
A' the lassies will be loving all the laddies,
The laddies who fought and won.

We can all look back to the hist'ry of the past,
That has made us what we are.
We have pledged our word, we all shall hold fast,
Be the day away so far.
And till that time comes, let us fight and fight,
Let us fight till vict'ry's won.
We will never give in, we are out to win,
To the very last man and gun.
CHORUS.

THE BATTLE OF ST. JULIEN.

“Wonderful battles have shaken this world,
Wonderful struggles of Right against Wrong,
Sung in the rhymes of the world's great song—
But never a greater than this!
No! Never a more heroic deed,
Nor ever a greater warrior breed
To work our Empire's will.”

WHEN THE CALL IS SOUNDED.

They will come from the hill and the valley;
They will come from the mountain and plain:
From the deep and the heights they will rally
At the sound of the bugle's refrain.
They will come in their youth and their beauty
With valorous daring and skill,
And all will be patriot duty,
And all will be patriot will.
Not once will the echo, repeating,
Ring emptily over the plain,
But swelled with the voices of greeting,
Redouble the clarion strain.

From hearths that are shadowed with sorrow,
From homes that are happy and gay,
They will come at the summons to-morrow
To march to the heat of the fray.
The day when the war-cry is sounded,
Not one will show vestige of fear;
But numbers in haste will be rounded,
And all will be courage and cheer.
They will come from the mountains and valley,
A noble, invincible band,
To the Flag of the Free they will rally—
The Flag of their own native Land.

Susanna Sheldon.

VIII.

SHAKESPEARE, Born April 23, 1564.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

"Near the river Avon in Warwickshire, one of England's most beautiful Midland counties, a tall grey spire, springing from amid elms and lime trees, marks the Parish Church of Stratford, in which sleeps the body of our greatest poet. The proud roof of Westminster has been deemed the fitting vault of Britain's illustrious dead; but Shakespeare's dust rests in a humble tomb. By his own loved river, whose gentle music fell sweet upon his childish ear, he dropped into his last sleep; and still its murmur, as it sweeps between its willowy banks, seems to sing the poet's dirge. Four lines, carved upon the flat stone which lies over his grave, are ascribed to his pen. Whoever wrote them, they have served their purpose well, for a religious horror of disturbing the honoured dust has ever since hung about the sacred place.

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear,
To digge the dust enclosedd heare,
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

"A niche in the wall above holds a bust of the poet, whose high, arching brow and tranquil face are familiar to us all. How well we know his face and his spirit; and yet how little of this man's real life has descended to our day! To know Shakespeare, we must go to the mighty works he has left behind."

Dr. Collier is right. We can hardly think a thought that Shakespeare cannot match; we can hardly imagine a situation that something he said does not fit. His

language fits all time, and his thought all places; no part of existence, no depth of the universe, no problem of human life seems to be outside of his range. Other writers, even great writers, learn one phase of life and spend their days in revealing its secrets to their fellow-men. But Shakespeare penetrates every sea, harbor, creek and rivulet of human emotion. He expresses the joys and sorrows of king and shepherd, of youth and age, and of all the classes between. Every boy's heart cries out with Prince Arthur:

"If I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long."

He shows us many English kings; John, the base; Richard II., the vacillating; Richard III., the crafty; Henry IV., the ambitious; and Henry V., the most human, the most fascinating of them all. But his true king is never a tyrant; he is one who

"Dives into men's hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy."

Shakespeare loved kings and soldiers, but he also loved the ordinary man; and so we have that immortal company of characters which age cannot wither nor custom stale. The great dramatist finds them in their good and evil hours, and penetrates them through and through, as if his pen were some magic thing that could pierce their inner lives, and come out touched with their subtlest and most secret purposes.

And it is this power of piercing down beneath the surface of life that Shakespeare will give to you if you will but listen to him. He who reads Shakespeare enriches his life and strengthens himself for his battle against the world. The great master shows us human causes and their consequence; he shows us how little passions grow to great and lead to tragedy; he shows us how dishonour leads to ruin, and how evil overwhelms the lives

of innocent and sinful, too; he gives us the sure foundation of worthy lives—trusting God, loving our country and our neighbors, cherishing friends and bearing ourselves with dignity against an enemy.

Dr. Johnson says, in his "Preface to Shakespeare's Works": "He that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." The comparison is an apt one, but at the risk of failure, a few quotations must be given in illustration of the remarks already made. How much worldly wisdom, for instance, is revealed in these half-dozen lines:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

And how much history we may learn from the pages of Shakespeare! Our poet wrote of days before even the beginnings of Empire—days of border fights and civil warfare; but they were the fights of those whom destiny was to join in unity, in order that from their union the nation should gain that strength which was needed for the security of freedom and justice. The duel between England and France, referred to in a number of Shakespeare's plays, was a fight between equal foes who were trying each other's mettle until the day when tried and tested, they were to stand shoulder to shoulder against the enemy of Europe. How our poet would have rejoiced to see that day, and we can well believe that he is the leader in the chorus of those whom, in fancy, we can hear, joining

"In a gust of ghostly thanks to God
That the most famous quarrel of all time
In the most famous friendship ends at last."

Shakespeare was a true patriot, and loved his native land with heartfelt devotion. He loved her storied past, her undiscovered future. He loved her very soil, and we can imagine him stretching out his hand across the centuries to grasp that of a modern poet, Rupert Brooke, who, before his death in the Great War, penned those haunting lines:

“If I should die, think only this of me,
That there’s some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.”

In his many plays, our poet has revealed the various moods of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is the spirit of daring, which “forgets that it ever heard the name of death”, the spirit

“Whose dancing soul doth celebrate
A feast of battle with its adversary.”

There is the steadfast, staying mood which “arms itself with patience”, the tolerance which knows that

“It is excellent
To have a giant’s strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.”

There is ardent individuality which leads a man to
“Grudge a corner in the thing he loves
For others’ uses.”—

and linked with this is the truant spirit, the love of adventure, which impels the sons of Britain to wander afar,

“Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of their fortunes.”

It is the truant spirit combined with the spirit of sympathy that has created the Empire, binding the

“small children” and the great “dominions” into a whole-hearted unity, which knows

“No fight too fierce, no trial too long,
When love says, ‘Come.’ ”

Both these qualities are found in Shakespeare.

“Sure He that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To rust in us unused.”

Is not this, above all, the characteristic note of the Anglo-Saxon mind, “with that high tolerance in religion; that reverence yet boldness before the mysteriousness of life and death; that love of free institutions; that pursuit of an ever higher justice and larger freedom which we associate with the temper and character of our race wherever it is dominant and secure.”

We come to Shakespeare for all these, for infinitely more than these, and he does not fail us. He is the one voice of our race that will never die. When kings and thrones have perished from the earth, he will reign enthroned in the hearts of men.

SHAKESPEARE, WORLD CONQUEROR.

Our prince of peace in glory hath gone,
With no spear shaken, no sword drawn,
No cannon fired, no flag unfurled,
To make his conquest of the world.

For him no martyr-fires have blazed,
No limbs been racked, no scaffold raised;
For him no life was ever shed,
To make the victor's pathway red.

And for all time he wears the crown
Of lasting, limitless renown:
He reigns whatever monarch fall;
His throne is in the hearts of all.

—*Gerald Massey.*

SHAKESPEARE'S LOVE OF ENGLAND.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England!"
Richard II., Act II-Sc. 1.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

A little play for the schoolroom.

On Shakespeare's Day.¹

This play can be acted in a garden. If acted out-of-doors, instead of having the curtain lowered, the actors can disappear among the trees.

COSTUMES.

Robin Hood, Allan-a-dale, and Little John all wear peaked hats with quills, green or brown tunics, and long stockings with pointed shoes, each carrying bow and arrows, and Robin Hood wearing a horn and a sword; Friar Tuck in a monk's habit; Maid Marian in a short dress with hanging sleeves; Rosamund in a close-fitting

¹ By permission of the Publishers of the "Book of Knowledge".

dress with hanging sleeves; Simon in a long, loose gown trimmed with fur, and a low, soft hat, carrying money bags.

CHARACTERS:

ROBIN HOOD - - - - ALLAN-A-DALE
 LITTLE JOHN - - - - MAID MARIAN
 FRIAR TUCK - - - - SIMON OF LINCOLN
 SIMON'S STEPDAUGHTER, ROSAMUND

Scene. The forest of Sherwood. Wrapped in cloaks, Friar Tuck and Little John, his hat and bow beside him, are lying asleep under a tree. Allan-a-dale is keeping watch.

ALLAN. The sun is up. Hey! there! Awake, my merry comrades. (*Pokes them with his bow.*)

FRIAR (*sleepily*). Good-night!

ALLAN. Wake, rouse thyself; 'tis late! Good-night, forsooth; and thou hast slept without stirring, the last four hours! (*Pokes him with his foot. Friar Tuck gets up and rubs his eyes, yawning. Allan pokes little John, who leaps to his feet and seizes Allan by the throat.*)

JOHN. Ha, varlet! I've got thee.

ALLAN. Thou art a pretty fellow to arouse. Dost take me for an assassin?

JOHN (*laughing*). 'Twas an evil dream I had. Thy pardon, comrade. Ha, here comes our liege lady, Maid Marian! (*Enter Maid Marian through the trees at the back. Little John puts his arrows on his back.*)

MAID (*smiling*). Good Morrow, friends! Now let us make ready the breakfast.

ALLAN. There yet remains some of the haunch of venison, lady.

MAID. Bring it hither.

(*Allan goes out among the trees on left. Little John and Friar Tuck clear leaves from ground at foot of tree.*)

FRIAR. There, 'tis well!

JOHN. And here comes the breakfast. (*Allan comes back with meat on a wooden platter, wine in a horn cup, and bread. He puts them on ground. Singing heard in the distance.*)

MAID. Listen! 'Tis Robin Hood! (*Robin Hood comes in from the back and presents some flowers to Maid Marian.*)

ROBIN. All hail, my merry men! Come, let's eat! I'm as hungry as a wolf. (*They sit down and eat.*) How did you sleep after last night's carouse?

FRIAR. I slept soundly, for one.

ALLAN. Ay, indeed! I could scarce rouse him.

ROBIN. 'Tis well you are rested. I have fine sport for you to-day.

JOHN. Sport?

ROBIN. Yes. 'Tis a rich merchant, Simon of Lincoln, who is travelling through the forest with his step-daughter. Report says he has great riches.

MAID. We'll relieve him of them. 'Tis not just that one man be burdened with so much gold.

JOHN. Yes, indeed! We will share the burden among ourselves. When comes he, master?

ROBIN. He should be here anon. Now list to me, and I will tell you my plan. This Simon may not be as miserly as reported so we will give him a chance. I will disguise myself as a beggar. If he gives me alms he shall go unmolested; but if not, then I fear he will leave us a wiser and a very much poorer man.

JOHN. Hist! What is that?

ROBIN (*standing up*). There they come! Hide, all of you!

(*All hide but Robin, who, wrapped in a cloak, sits under a tree. Simon and Rosamund enter on the right.*)

ROBIN (*holding out his hand*). Will my lord give a poor man some money?

SIMON. No! Dost think I have money to give to every idle beggar that besets my path?

ROSAMUND. Nay, I beseech you give the poor something. I would, and gladly if I had it.

SIMON. Silence! (*To Robin*) Out of my way, thou wicked knave!

ROBIN. Not so fast, Simon of Lincoln, not so fast! (*Rises and throws off cloak and hat.*) So I am a wicked knave, am I? (*Others come out of hiding.*) Here be three more—stout, lusty fellows, too.

SIMON.. Thieves, as I live! (*Tries to run away. Friar and Allan-a-Dale seize him. Rosamund looks terrified.*)

MAID. Fear not, my pretty maid. No harm shall befall thee.

ROBIN. Hand over thy riches, friend Simon.

SIMON. Oh, don't take my money—my dear money, my precious gold! Anything but my gold. Take Rosamund. Only leave me my riches! (*Clutches at money bags which Little John takes.*)

ROBIN. Shame on thee, coward! Would'st barter thy stepdaughter for thy miserable gold? We will take it from thee and give it to her. Thou canst thank thy stars that thou hast gotten off so cheaply. Now go! (*Simon goes out on left.*) Maiden, thou hast a starved and ill-used look. Is thy step-father cruel to thee? (*Gives her money.*)

ROSAMUND. I—I—cannot—(*Weeps.*)

MAID. Nay, cry not! I see thou are too loyal to betray thy step-father. Come, he shall not harm thee more.

ROBIN. We will conduct thee to kinder friends.

ROSAMUND. But I have no other friends. Oh, let me stay here with you!

ROBIN. Right willingly! What say you, Marian?

MAID. The more the merrier! (*Kisses Rosamund.*)

ROBIN. Come comrades, let us welcome her with dance and song. (*They dance and sing merrily as the curtain falls, or as they disappear here and there among the trees.*)

IX.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—Born May 15, 1820.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

Florence Nightingale, "Lady-in-Chief of the British Empire", was born in the beautiful city of Florence, and took her name from her birthplace. In St. Thomas's Hospital, London, stands her statue. She wears the uniform of a nurse, and carries in her hand a nurse's night-lamp. That silent statue symbolizes her wonderful work for humanity, for not only does Great Britain owe her an eternal debt of gratitude for her noble service during the Crimean War, but every nation owes its present hospital and nursing system to Florence Nightingale.

"The Lady of the Lamp" received her call to service more than half a century ago, when England and France were waging war against Russia in the Crimea. The English soldiers were suffering terrible hardships, so terrible that half the army were in hospital, and thousands were dying of starvation and neglect. When these stories of suffering were published in the "London Times", the people demanded that something should be done at once for the relief of the sick and wounded, and the Minister of War asked Florence Nightingale to set out with a party of nurses for the Crimean Peninsula.

Do you want to know why Florence Nightingale was the one person out of all the people of England to be asked to go? It was because from her earliest childhood she was always doing what she could to help those who were in trouble.

When but a little girl, she used to visit the poor and sick on her father's estates. All the animals loved her,

for they knew that she would not harm them; even the shy squirrels would come quite close to her and pick up the nuts she dropped for them. An old gray pony, named Peggy would trot up to her when she went into the field to see it, and put its nose into her pocket for the apple or lump of sugar that she always had for it. A sheep dog had been hurt by a stone thrown at it, and the owner thought that its leg was broken and that he would have to kill it. But it turned out to be only a bad bruise and the dog was soon well again under the little nurse's tender care.

When her well-to-do parents took Florence to London, no buildings attracted her so much as the hospitals. When her family travelled on the Continent, it was still her custom to visit the hospitals, and finally she took a training course in nursing herself in order that her knowledge might be of service to others. On her return to England she did a great deal of nursing among her relatives and friends, and when the war broke out she was acting as superintendent of a London hospital for invalid gentlewomen.

It was because of what she had done in this way that Miss Nightingale was asked to go to the Crimea to take charge of the hospitals for the English soldiers. On her arrival she found things in a frightful condition. The sick and wounded men were crowded together in such unsanitary quarters that even the strongest of them stood but a small chance to get well. She at once washed out the buildings, gave the patients clean beds and clean clothes, and saw that they had good, well-cooked food to eat. She looked after their comfort, sat beside their beds when they were very ill, and wrote letters for them to their families at home.

No wonder the men worshipped her, though at first they were a little afraid and shy. "Never be ashamed of your wounds, my friends," she would say in her gentle voice, and her gentleness made poets of some of these rough soldiers. There was a giant Highlander who wrote home about her work in these words: "What

a comfort it was to see her even pass! She would speak to one and nod to another; she could not do it to all, you know—we were lying there by hundreds—but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content.” That was a beautiful thought, and Longfellow used it in his poem, “The Lady of the Lamp”.

Florence Nightingale remained in the Crimea until the last British soldier had left its shores. She stole back to England as quietly as she had left it. But the public gratitude found her out, and a Memorial Fund of \$25,000 was raised for her benefit. She would not take a penny of it, but devoted it to founding schools for the training of nurses in the great London hospitals. To-day, as the ships sail past the cliffs of Balaclava in the far away Crimea, a gigantic cross shows clear against the sky on the summit of one of the hills, a memorial of her work among the soldiers.

But Florence Nightingale needs no memorial for her work still lives. The Geneva Convention was held within ten years of her labours in the East, and its red cross,—gleaming on every battlefield since—is, in a sense, a monument to this gentle “Lady of the Lamp”. When she died, on August 13, 1910, at the age of ninety, one of the noblest careers in modern history came to a peaceful close. Having lived as an angel to thousands throughout two generations, she will live as an angel still in the hearts of millions yet unborn, in generation after generation yet to come, because of the noble example she set to women in the time of war.

When in 1916, Queen Mary unveiled a memorial to Britain’s “angel of mercy” in St. Paul’s Cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury said in his address: “For half a century we have thanked God for what Florence Nightingale has wrought and taught, but we did not know its range or greatness till now. So it is fitting that your Majesty on behalf of English womanhood, should unveil this monument in a year when, in the nation’s

need, tens of thousands of women are following the path wherein the 'Lady of the Lamp' was pioneer."

The story of the ministry of nurses in the Great War can never be fully told. Deeds of special heroism like that of Nurse Davies who took the inoculation test for gangrene; of those brave nurses of the "Marguette", who when their vessel was torpedoed, cried, "Fighting men first"; of Edith Cavell who won a martyr's crown, and after whom one of our grandest mountains is named—these deeds and others like them, we know and glory in. But of the daily, hourly, unceasing heroisms through nearly five years of war we know only too little, and this is all the greater reason for remembering all our brave nursing sisters to-day.

SANTA FILOMENA.

"The Lady of the Lamp."

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! In that house of misery

A Lady with a Lamp I see
Pass through the shivering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone, and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

—*Longfellow.*

THE CALL OF THE RED CROSS.

If you have learnt that love is lord of life,
That hate and anger only sear the soul
Being destructive forces, breeding strife—
You will believe that He who sees life whole,

Feels but divine compassion for the ills
 Of all mankind, their suffering and distress.
Oh, then, my brothers, let us set our wills
 To bring to action what our souls confess:
Beneath the Red Cross Banner like one vast
 Unconquerable army let us fight
Not to destroy, but succor, till at last
 Far off, but sure, the dark and anguished night
Of pain will fade, and through Love's sacrifice
 The golden dawn of fuller health will rise.
 —*Elaine M. Catley.*¹

¹ By permission of the Author.

X.

EMPIRE DAY.

Queen Victoria, Born May 24, 1819.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

Empire Day has been set apart as a day on which we should especially remind ourselves that we are a part of the British Empire. Students of ancient history tell us of the mighty empires founded by Alexander the Great and the Roman Caesars. But never in all history did Macedonian or Roman monarch receive the loyal homage of such vast multitudes as pay allegiance to King George V. the ruler of an empire embracing one-fifth of the land surface of the globe, and inhabited by a population of more than four hundred million souls.

Let us call to mind to-day the builders of this mighty empire. Let us pay a tribute to the memory of the daring discoverers and dauntless explorers who planted the flag of freedom in so many lands—Hawkins and Drake, Wolfe and Clive, Gilbert and Raleigh, Livingstone and Rhodes. Many there were, indeed, whose names we do not know, for they belonged to that great regiment which Kipling has so aptly called “the legion that never was listed”. On many a distant shore they left their bones, “on the sand-drift, on the veldt-side, in the fern-scrub”, and neither stick nor stone was ever raised to mark their lonely resting places.

Hard on their trails came the rugged pioneers, the men who cleared the scrub and built the roads; who broke the land and sowed and reaped; who, undismayed, and unafraid, fought drought and fire and flood. Nor were there men alone; there were women, too, brave, true-hearted women who, by making homes for their hus-

bands and little ones in these outposts of empire, laid deep and firm the foundations of a greater Britain than had been. All honour, then, to our worthy forbears, for were it not for their sterling qualities, their love of freedom, their love of order, their deep religious feeling, their stubborn, bulldog courage and staying power, we should not be living in security to-day in a land so far from the cradle of our race.

In remembering these brave women, there is one woman's name which must ever be connected with the celebration of this day. In Canada we associate this day with Victoria Day, and we do well, for Queen Victoria believed that the British race had been chosen to set before the world a great ideal, and she never lost an opportunity of fixing that ideal in the minds of the pro-consuls who went forth to rule in her name. No Knights of the Round Table ever left the hall of King Arthur with higher aims than the men who passed out of the Royal Presence to enter upon their tasks in every corner of the earth, their most treasured reward for service being their Sovereign's word, "Well done!"

But remembering the imperial role which Great Britain has been called upon to play, we must not forget Canada's part in the mighty drama. History shows us that little has been accomplished in any nation in the absence of a national spirit.

"The Roman gathered in a stately urn
The dust he honoured, while the sacred fire,
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age."

Undoubtedly the most direct way we can serve not only our own race but humanity at large is by employing our talents in the service of our own people: first, the people of our own Dominion; and second, the people of the great Empire of which Canada forms a part. Furthermore, if our service is to count for anything, we must make ourselves fit for the task. We must be fit of

body, for no race of weaklings can hold an empire; we must make ourselves mentally fit, for no ignorant or untrained men can hold an empire; we must be fit of soul, for no selfish race can hold an empire.

And of this we may rest assured; we cannot get the sound body, the keen mind and the generous soul without hard work and rigorous self-denial. Never perhaps, in the Empire's history has there been a day of trial so fateful, so fraught with good or evil as that which lies before it in the near and immediate future. By the Peace Treaty, Britain has been given mandates to rule over large territories in Asia and Africa lately held by other nations. For the wise and just administration of these great areas, Britain's sons and daughters in Canada cannot be held directly responsible; yet we are children of the Empire and what concerns one portion must concern all.

This thought should make us watchful and sober. It should make us jealous not only of the good name of Canada but of that of the great Commonwealth of Nations to which we belong. It should inspire us to become better men and women, and if it does that, God, who has permitted Britain to become a mighty Empire, will make her mightier yet. Like a majestic oak which the fiercest gales strive vainly to overthrow, her roots will only become more deeply planted in the friendly soil, while her seeds will be scattered far and wide to bless the earth wherever they may fall.

“She stands a thousand wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

"O ye by wandering tempest sown,
 'Neath every alien star,
 Forget not whence the breath was blown
 That wafted you afar!
 For ye are still her ancient seed
 On younger soil let fall —
 Children of Britain's island-breed,
 To whom the Mother in her need,
 Perchance may one day call."

THE CROWN OF EMPIRE.

O England of our fathers, and England of our sons,
 Along the dark horizon line the day-dawn glory runs,
 For empire has been ours of old, and empire ours shall
 be—

His grip is on the world to-day whose grip is on the sea.

O England of our fathers, and England of our sons,
 Above the roar of battling hosts, the thunder of the guns,
 A mother's voice was calling us, we heard it oversea,
 The blood that thou didst give us is the blood we spill
 for thee.

O England of our fathers, and England of our sons,
 Along the dark horizon line, the day-dawn glory runs,
 For golden peace is drawing near, her paths are on the
 sea,—

He grips the heart of all mankind, who stands for
 liberty.

—*Canon Frederick George Scott.*¹

AN EMPIRE DAY MEDITATION.

"It is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British freedom—which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, with pomp of waters, unwithstood,
 Roused though it be full often to a mood

¹ By permission of the Author.

Which spurns the check of salutary bands—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

—Wordsworth.

SUGGESTIONS FOR EMPIRE DAY.

Birthday of Queen Victoria, May 24th, 1819.

A national holiday, while the occasion for recreation and pleasure-seeking, should be used by the teacher for impressing upon the minds of his pupils such facts and circumstances as will foster a national spirit. The birthday of Queen Victoria furnishes an excellent opportunity for this purpose. As memory is always aided by association, the events which transpired during her reign might be clustered around the holiday to which the pupils so eagerly look forward; and thus a more intelligent conception obtained of the greatness of the Empire and of the grounds on which loyalty to the Sovereign is founded.

The extent of the British Empire might be shown upon the map, and its vast area impressed upon the memory by comparison with the extent and population of other important countries.

The essential unity of the Empire should be duly emphasized. Notwithstanding the number of its colonies and the distance from the capital and from each other, they all acknowledge the rule of one Sovereign—a Sovereign whose personal qualities, apart from the dignity of his position, have won for him the unqualified affection and allegiance of his subjects and the respect of all the nations of the world.

The teacher might point out that the flag which floats from the schoolhouse on Queen Victoria's Birthday is a symbol of unity, and that in every colony of the Empire, in Australia, in South Africa, in Newfoundland,—on every fortress guarded by British soldiers and on every ship manned by British sailors, the same flag proclaims universal allegiance to one sovereign and universal fealty to one Empire.

The teacher might then give a brief sketch of the monarchical form of government as compared with an absolute monarchy or a republic, explaining clearly that under a limited monarchy the Queen acted on the advice of Parliament, and that she was as much bound by the Constitution of the country as any of her subjects. Reference might be made to the impartiality with which she discharged her functions as a sovereign, to the great measures passed during her reign, such as the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Extension of the Franchise, acts for the improvement of the labouring classes, the different Reform Bills, the Education Act., etc.

Then might follow a number of familiar talks or essays on.

(1) "The Great Wars of the Victorian Era"—Such as the Russian War, the Indian Mutiny, the Egyptian War, the War of the Soudan, etc.

(2) "The great statesmen of her reign"—Sir Robert Peel, Daniel O'Connell, John Bright, Richard Cobden, The Duke of Wellington, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, W. E. Gladstone, etc.

(3) "The great philosophers and literary men of her reign"—Darwin, Murchison, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir John Simpson, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, Ruskin, etc.

(4) "The material and scientific improvements of her reign"—Railroads, steam, navigation, gas, electricity, the reaping machine, penny postage, etc.

(5) "The great educational and moral reforms of her reign"—Mechanics' Institutes, free libraries, free schools, compulsory education, industrial schools, missionary

enterprises, factory laws, limitations of capital punishment, hospitals and charities, etc.

(6) "The progress of Canada during her reign"—The railways and canals built, the telegraph, telephone, free schools, the British North American Act of 1867, the ballot, the opening of the Northwest, etc.

An entertainment might be given on the afternoon preceding the Queen's birthday, to which the parents and friends of the pupils should be invited. In such cases a program might be prepared. This program might be varied as the judgment of the teacher and the circumstances render necessary.

XI.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

George V. Born June 3rd, 1865.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

God save our gracious King!

Long live our noble King!

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us—

God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise!

Scatter his enemies,

And make them fall,

Confound their politics,

Frustrate their knavish tricks;

On him our hopes we fix,

God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store

On him be pleased to pour;

Long may he reign.

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause

To sing with heart and voice—

God save the King!

—*Henry Carey.*

To-day we join with every part of the Empire in celebrating the birthday of His Gracious Majesty, George V., King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the seas. Heir of a long line of English Kings, stretching far back through the centuries, he stands between the Old World, and the New, consecrated and devoted to his people's good. His sovereignty is a sign to us not only of our glorious past and eagerly awaited future, but of the unity which thrilled the Empire as one family during the Great War. As citizens of the Empire, we must have a personal, visible Head, who, by God's grace, can focus the loyalty of millions who have never seen him, of widely different peoples, creeds, and tongues. From the uttermost parts of the earth, they look to him as their own possession; he is the clasp that binds together this mighty commonwealth of nations. That a country can have a king and yet be democratic seems like a direct contradiction in terms, yet such is the case with Great Britain, which is one of the most democratic countries on the face of the globe. The British Royal House is the creation of an Act of Parliament, and what Parliament can make, it can unmake. But there is no desire to unmake; for the British people not only have a sincere affection for King George, but they believe that a constitutional monarchy is for them the best form of government.

The King is a constitutional Monarch: that is, though the head of the State, his functions are limited. Parliament represents the real voice of the people, and what Parliament decides, the King agrees to. Technically, the King has the right to veto any act passed by the two Houses, but in practice, this power is never exercised. No British King could, for example, annul an amendment to a government measure in direct opposition to the express decision of the representatives of the people.

The business of the King is to interpret the will of the people, and therefore he is never a politician. Whether

Unionist, Liberal, or Labour Government be in power, the King as head of the State, gives each measure passed his royal approval. In a word, he is a non-partisan chairman of the affairs of the nation. As such, George V. has been an ideal king. Acting on the assumption that he is as much bound by the British Constitution as any of his subjects, His Majesty has discharged his functions as a sovereign with the strictest impartiality. As a consequence, our loyalty to-day is no mere lip-loyalty. It is a loyalty not only based upon sentiments of personal esteem, but a loyalty whose foundations are deeply and permanently laid upon the bed-rock of liberty, justice and democracy. Enjoying the full measure of British citizenship and exercising all the privileges of a self-governing Dominion, the people of Canada to-day join with the people in every part of the British Empire in wishing long life and prosperity to the first Monarch of the Royal House of Windsor. To-day, in saluting the Flag, we honour our Sovereign:

“The King, God bless him!”

THE KING AND QUEEN PASS BY.

Look over the wall, and I'll tell you why
The King and the Queen will soon pass by.
Madams and Masters look this way;
The King and his Court ride past to-day.
The Queen has a robe that is gold and red;
She is stately, and sits with a crown on her head;
And four very little boys after her go,
To do as she bids them—they never say, “No.”
The banners are waving, the soldiers are drumming,
‘Tis indeed a fine sight that, I tell you, is coming.
So, if you look long enough over the wall,
You'll see a great deal, if you do not see all.

—*Kate Greenway.*

ODE ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

O'er Britannia's happy land,
Rul'd by George's mild command,
On this bright, auspicious day
Loyal hearts their tribute pay,
Ever sacred be to mirth
The day that gave our Monarch birth!

Long as Sun and Moon endure
Britain's Throne shall stand secure,
And great George's royal line
There in splendid honour shine,
Ever sacred be to mirth
The day that gave our Monarch birth!

—*Jonathan Odell.*

GIVE US MEN!

Give us men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of royal breeding,
The nation's welfare speeding,
Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim in action,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones.
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honour fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them,

As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false all others,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers,
In the thickest fight:
Men who strike for home and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter!)
God defend the right!
True as truth, though low and lonely,
Tender as the brave are only,
Men who tread where saints have trod ,
Men for country, home and God;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

—*Bishop of Exeter.*

XII.

MAGNA CHARTA DAY.

Great Charter signed, June 15th, 1215.

BY MORDEN H. LONG.

Associate Professor of History, University of Alberta.

Not far from the old English castle of Windsor, at a spot where the sleepy Thames winds its way through the pleasant meadow-lands, lies a little island which should be holy ground to lovers of liberty everywhere. For it was here, on Magna Charta Island in the meadow of Runnymede, on a midsummer day more than seven hundred years ago, that King John was forced by his people to sign the Great Charter of Liberties.

Before the time of John, good, strong Kings, like Henry I. and Henry II., had done great work for England. They had put down with a firm hand the lawless barons who, from their castle strongholds, had plundered and oppressed the people. They had established royal courts in which the highest nobles could be tried and punished for their crimes. They had sent out their royal judges on trips and circuits through the land, and had founded a system of juries, so that justice might be had by every free man in the realm. Thus there grew up a great body of law, called the Common Law of England because all the nation was subject to its just rules. Indeed, so wise were these Kings, and so great and lasting was their work that to the present day in Britain, Canada, the United States, Australia, and elsewhere, judges are still sent out on circuits through the land as of old, men are still tried by juries of their peers, or equals, and

the noble principles of freedom and justice in the Common Law are still the basis of our liberties.

But John was an evil King, and so the question had to be settled in his reign of how the people's rights might be protected against the King himself. For John oppressed every single class of his people. In his quarrel with the Pope, he had cruelly persecuted the Church, and violated its Liberties. He had exacted from both barons and common people many excessive and arbitrary taxes. He had deprived the towns of rights which had been granted to them. Trade was continually molested. Elsewhere John's hired foreign troops lived by plundering the country; justice and good government seemed dead or sleeping.

At last the nation was roused as it had never been before. Stout-hearted Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, took the leadership against the King. Supported by the whole people, the barons with their host of armed vassals, confronted John at Runnymede, and there compelled him to sign Magna Charta. In fact, so deadly in earnest were they, that they forced the King to have the Great Seal attached to many copies of the document. These were then distributed throughout the Kingdom in different castles and Cathedrals, so that all might know the terms of the Great Charter, and so that all danger of the King destroying it might be avoided. Of these many copies, only four have come down to our time. One is in Salisbury Cathedral, a second in Lincoln Cathedral, and the other two are in the famous British Museum in London.

"In the first place," so runs Magna Charta, "we have granted to God"—and by this our present Charter confirmed for us and for our heirs forever that the British Church shall be free and shall have her rights entire and her liberties inviolate. "We have also granted to all freemen of our kingdom, for us, and for our heirs forever, all the unwritten liberties." Then follow the liberties so granted.

In all these there are sixty-three chapters or clauses. Some of the more famous of them are as follows:

Chapter XIII. "No scutage or aid (that is, certain taxes) shall be imposed in our kingdom unless by common counsel of our kingdom, except for ransoming our person, for making our eldest son a knight and for marrying our eldest daughter; and for these shall not be levied more than a reasonable aid."

Chapter XXXIX. "No freeman shall be arrested or detained in prison, or deprived of his freehold (that is, his land), or outlawed or banished, or in any way molested; and we will not set forth against him, nor send against him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers and by the law of the land."

Chapter XL. "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay, right or justice."

Other chapters safeguard the rights of London, and of merchants generally, while Chapter LX. states that the barons are to give to their vassals all the rights which the king has granted in the Charter to his. Thus the Great Charter confirms and guarantees the ancient rights and liberties of the whole nation.

And now the question arises, "Why should we celebrate, after the lapse of all these years, the signing of this old document by King John?" It is a question that is not difficult to answer. Henry I. and Henry II. had brought all the people under the rule of the Common Law. But King John, by his arbitrary acts, had tried to set himself up as absolute and above all law except his own wicked will. Magna Charta, then, was nothing more or less, than the assertion by the people that the King, too, must be under the law, that he must govern according to the ancient customs, rights and liberties of the realm. In other words, it was a proclamation that England was not an absolute, but a limited or constitutional monarchy.

Long centuries of struggle had still to follow before England's liberties were fully won. But Magna Charta was a notable beginning to that struggle, a beginning which inspired all after ages in their fight for liberty. In it breathes the spirit which led later Englishmen, the Pymys, the Hampdens, and the Cromwells to curb the Stuart Kings and make England the first free state of modern times. In it is embodied that sturdy spirit of free men which has enabled Britain time and again to save the world from despots like Louis XIV, Napoleon, and the Kaiser. In Magna Charta is enshrined the very soul of that freedom which Britain has spread broadcast through her world-girdling Empire, and which her great daughter, the United States, inherited from her. As long as the Seven Nations prize civil and religious liberty, so long will Magna Charta Day be fitly honoured and observed.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND.

What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear,
As the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men

As come forward, one to ten,
To the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England!
Take and break us—we are yours,
 England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky;
Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!
 —*W. E. Henley.*

LIBERTY.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,—
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Byron.

LIBERTY.

On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,

Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile.

—*Addison.*

“FIRST LETTER OF JUNIUS.”

January 21, 1769.

Sir,

The submission of a free people to the executive authority of government, is no more than a compliance with laws which they themselves have enacted. While the national honour is firmly maintained abroad, and while justice is impartially administered at home, the obedience of the subject will be voluntary, cheerful, and I might almost say, unlimited. A generous nation is grateful even for the preservation of its rights, and willingly extends the respect due to the office of a good prince into an affection for his person. Loyalty, in the heart and understanding of an Englishman, is a rational attachment to the guardian of the laws. Prejudices and passions have sometimes carried it to a criminal length; and, whatever foreigners may imagine, we know that Englishmen have erred as much in a mistaken zeal for particular persons and families, as they ever did in defence of what they thought most dear and interesting to themselves.

It naturally fills us with resentment, to see such a temper insulted or abused. In reading the history of a free people, whose rights have been invaded, we are interested in their cause. Our own feelings tell us how long they ought to have submitted, and at what moment it would have been treachery to themselves not to have resisted. How much warmer will be our resentment, if experience should bring the fatal example home to ourselves!

XIII.

DOMINION DAY.

Confederation of the Provinces, July 1, 1867.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

On July 1st, every year, we celebrate the national birthday of Canada, and no true Canadian should let that anniversary go by without some thought of the great men who dreamed of Confederation and did their best to bring it to pass. We should think of the Loyalist refugee, William Smith, who, more than a century ago, spoke and wrote of a federation of the British provinces. We should give due credit to Lord Durham, whose epoch-making Report prepared the way for Responsible Government. We should call to mind, too, the prophetic words of Joseph Howe, who saw in glowing vision the vast expanse of territory between the two oceans transformed into progressive provinces containing "every variety of soil, climate, and resource."

Nor must we forget the men who made these dreams and visions come true, men like John A. Macdonald, George Brown, and a dozen other statesmen whose stature increases as time goes by.

Canada, it is well to bear in mind, was the first Dominion to attempt the experiment of federal union, as she had been the first to work out the scheme of responsible government. It was a great achievement, for it not only laid the corner-stone of a greater Canada, but it strengthened beyond breaking the bond that linked the Canadian provinces with the Mother Country.

Before 1867 the provinces of British North America were threatened with serious dangers, both from without

and from within. The repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, the abolition of the Corn Laws, and the consequent removal of favoured treatment for the colonies in matters of trade with the United Kingdom, the general unfriendly attitude of the United States towards Great Britain revealed by the Trent Affair and the Fenian Raids—all these dangers from without served to make the provinces realize their weakness so long as they remained isolated units with only the slight bond of British connection.

Nor were the dangers from within to be disregarded. The failure of the provinces to pass the Militia Defence Act was a serious matter, and the existence of hostile tariffs, separate currencies and independent telegraph and postal systems only served to keep the provinces apart. Furthermore, the system of government in Canada had completely broken down. The Union Act had given Upper and Lower Canada equal representation in both branches of the legislature, and this had resulted in a constant condition of deadlock.

Confederation was one way out of most of these difficulties, and how it was brought about may be summed up in very few words. When Canada proposed to consider the matter in 1859, only Newfoundland responded; when Nova Scotia took up the question in 1860, only New Brunswick was willing to co-operate. But in 1864, the Canadian coalition ministry of Macdonald and Brown set about the matter in earnest, while the Maritime provinces arranged for a conference at Charlottetown, "for the purpose of considering the subject of the union of the three provinces under one government and legislature."

This maritime conference met, and on the second day of its sessions, received a delegation from Canada. So deep was the impression made by the speeches of the Canadian representatives that it was immediately decided to call a larger conference at Quebec to be attended by delegates from all the provinces. Here the statesmen of British North America joined hands and

by united action and generous compromise made confederation a practical possibility. The members went back to their respective Provinces, and in due time the proposed basis of union comprising seventy-two resolutions was laid before the various legislatures.

In the Parliament of Canada the proposal was carried in 1865 by a large majority. New Brunswick defeated the measure in 1865, but passed it after a general election in 1866. Nova Scotia, after some hesitation, adopted it in the same year. Delegates from the four provinces met in London in December, and early in the following year the completed bill was submitted to the Imperial Parliament. It became law on March 29th, and came into effect in Canada on July 1st, 1867.

On that first Dominion Day Canada consisted of but four provinces, for Prince Edward Island did not enter the Confederation until 1873. A few settlers dotted the banks of the Red River, but the West was the "Great Lone Land", unpeopled and unknown except to the hunter and fur-trader. Government was maintained throughout this vast region by the Hudson's Bay Company, and on the Pacific Coast a similar state of affairs existed. The population of what is now the Dominion of Canada barely exceeded three millions, and the province of Ontario was looked upon as Western Canada.

To-day the Dominion, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is crossed by two transcontinental lines of railway. Out of the unknown West have been carved four great provinces, and, in the far North, regions of untold wealth have been discovered. More important still, a broader national spirit has been developed by a growing consciousness of what this new land is destined to accomplish in the days to come. We would indeed do well to heed these forceful words of Rev. J. A. Macdonald on Canada's destiny, and in every way strive to be worthy of the great future they so eloquently foretell:

"At this moment there is not in all the world another young nation with so great an opportunity, commanding

so strategic a position, and holding so distinctly the key to what is best and noblest in the life and civilization of the world. If, then, we Canadians stand true to what is best in the past and most inviting in the future, if with steadiness and courage we take the straight road marked out by events beyond our control, we need covet no nation's past glory, but with a sober sense of our country's high destiny we may go forward confident of this: that in playing its own part, worthily, Canada will suffer no loss in the sum of achievement when the history of the world nations comes to be written. Canada to-day, holds the key position in the English-speaking world, and to hold that position worthily is to touch the destiny of all nations."

A SONG OF CANADA

Sing me a song of the great Dominion!
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear!
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear;
Here is no starveling—Heaven forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the Nations throng;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song!

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,
Baring their brows in the dazzling blue;
Changeless alone, where all else changes,
Emblems of all that is grand and true:
Free as the eagles around them soaring;
Fair as they rose from their Maker's hand;
Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus—
The white-topp'd peaks of our mountain land!

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,
Silence eternal, and peace profound,
Into whose great heart's deep recesses
Breaks no tempest, and comes no sound;

Face to face with the death-like stillness,
Here, if at all, man's soul might quail :
Nay! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
Thither, where solace will never fail!

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,
Cleaving their way to the far-off sea ;
Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—
Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.
Hark! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids ;
Deep unto deep through the dead night calls ;
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom
Shouting her name from her fortress walls!

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,
League upon league of the golden grain :
Comfort, housed in the smiling homestead—
Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.
Land of contentment! May no strife vex you,
Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd ;
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—
Finding the food for a hungry world!

Sing me the charm of her blazing camp-fires ;
Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,
Whether afar 'neath the forest arches
Or in the shade of the city's domes ;
Sing me her life, her loves, her labors :
All of a mother a son would hear ;
For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding
Sweet are the strains to the lover's ear. . . .

Sing me the song, then ; sing it bravely :
Put your soul in the words you sing ;
Sing me the praise of this glorious country ;
Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring

Here is no starveling, Heaven forsaken,
Crouching apart where the nations throng;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them;
Well is she worthy a noble song!

—Robert Reid.

CANADA, WE COME!

Music adapted from the Russian Hymn, "God, the All-Terrible."

Land bright and beautiful,
Land young and fair;
Our hearts true and dutiful,
Hearts, too, that dare,
Leap in thy hour of need,
When sounds the throbbing drum.
Arise, then, ye lion breed,
Canada, we come!

Peaceful our smiling fields,
Peaceful our aims,
But we bid our peace depart
When Peace bringeth chains.
Blood of our noble sires,
Voices of the dumb,
Awake for your household fires,
Canada, we come!

Sons of the rolling deep,
Sons of the pine,
Sons, too, of thy cities great,
Sons of the mine.
Glorious our destiny,
Our day but just begun,
Then strike, strike for victory,
Canada, we come!

—J. R. Hutchinson.

CANADA.

Canada! Maple Land! Land of great mountains!
Lake Land and River land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze.

Grant us Thy fear, that we may walk in humility,
Fear that is rev'rent, not fear that is base;
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love, and the love of our Country,
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy
Name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame.

Lastborn of Nations! The offspring of Freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, and gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold.

—*Alfred Beverly Cox.*

XIV.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE REACHED THE PACIFIC.

July 22, 1793.

BY D. M. DUNCAN, M.A.

Author of "The Story of the Canadian People."

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, the ambition to find the North-West passage by land was still as powerful to lure on ardent explorers as in the days of Verendrye. To Alexander Mackenzie, partner in the North-West Company, the quest was particularly attractive. His services to the Company and his influence among the partners, placed him in a position to undertake a search for the "Western Sea". Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska, the starting-point of Mackenzie's journey, was one of the outmost trading posts. About the beginning of June, 1789, the little Company of Canadians and Indians pushed out from the landing place before the fort. The early stages of the journey, through the Slave River and Slave Lake, were uneventful, and before the end of the month, the four canoes of the party swept out upon the current of the Mackenzie.

A week later the explorers fell in with a band of wild Indians, who fled at the sight of white men, and were induced only by liberal gifts to approach the strangers. Stories of demon-haunted caves and impassable falls were told by these savages. Mackenzie was unmoved and even persuaded one of the natives to join him as a guide. Every day brought fresh difficulties and more natives with their terrifying tales. At last, deserted by their

guide, the Indians of the party lost heart, and refused to go any farther. Mackenzie begged them to continue for seven days longer, promising to turn back if they did not discover the sea within that time. Before the week was ended, the mouth of the river was reached. Mackenzie had known for several days that it was the Arctic, and not the Pacific Ocean that he was approaching. No time was lost in beginning the return journey. Just one hundred days from the date of their departure, the adventurers landed at Fort Chipewyan.

Three years later, Mackenzie prepared to make another dash for the Pacific. In the fall of the year, he ascended the Peace River to Fort McLeod, in order that, passing the winter there, he might be well on his way when spring opened. As soon as the river was clear of ice, the party consisting of eight whites and two Indians, embarked in one big canoe, twenty-five feet in length. From the outset, the difficulties of the way were extreme. Swift rapids and leaping cascades made progress laborious and even dangerous. As the travellers drew near the mountains, the river, hemmed in by steep, rocky banks, presented a succession of roaring cataracts. Portages were frequent, and usually over ground almost impassable. In places the men drew the canoe upstream by grasping the branches of overhanging trees. The discouragement of the men was overcome only by the courage of their leader.

The climax of their difficulties came at the height of land, where a road had to be cut through the dense woods. "It was with inexpressible satisfaction," Mackenzie writes, "that they found themselves on the bank of a navigable river on the west side of the first great range of mountains." This, as we now know, was the Fraser. The descent of this mountain stream brought the travellers varied experiences, meetings with strange Indians, breaking and rebuilding canoes, shooting dangerous rapids, and toiling over long portages. Discouraged by a report of the great length and dangerous

nature of the river, Mackenzie turned back and struck off overland in search of the sea. This he did in spite of a warning that the coast Indians were "numerous as mosquitoes and of a very malignant character."

At last the weary travellers were rewarded with a glimpse of the Pacific. Upon the face of a rock, their leader recorded their visit in the following inscription: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." The hardships of the return journey were lightened by the thought of success and by the certainty of their route. By the middle of August the familiar waters of the Peace were reached. "At length," Mackenzie's journal reads, "as we rounded a point, and came in view of the Fort, we threw out a flag, and accompanied it with a general discharge of our fire-arms; while the men were in such spirits, and made such an active use of their paddles, that we arrived before the two men, whom we left here in the spring, could recover their sense to answer us. Thus we landed on the twenty-fourth of August, at the place which we left on the ninth of May."¹

THE ARMS OF CANADA.

"A Mari Usque Ad Mare."

The honour of her heraldry,
The splendour of her soul,
Upon her shield—from sea to sea,
Shall Canada enrol.
The glory that was Yesterday,
To-day shall proudly borrow,
To lend its light to show the way
To glorify To-morrow.

—*Blanche E. Holt Murison.*²

¹ By permission of The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

² By permission of the Author.

THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

In the glimmering light of the Old Régime
A figure appears like the flashing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face—
The Old Coureur-de-Bois.

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.
A child of nature, untutored in art,
In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun,
O'er an Empire vast, his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done
Salût! Coureur-de-Bois.

—*Samuel Mathewson Baylis.*

OUR BEAUTIFUL LAND.

What land more beautiful than ours?
What other land more blest?
The South with all its wealth of flowers?
The prairies of the West?

O no! There's not a fairer land
Beneath Heaven's azure dome—
Where Peace holds Plenty by the hand,
And Freedom finds a home.

The slave who but her name hath heard,
Repeats it day and night;—
And envies every little bird
That takes its northward flight!

As to the Polar star they turn,
Who brave a pathless sea,—
So the oppressed in secret yearn,
Dear, native land, for thee!

How many loving mem'ries throng
Round Britain's stormy coast!
Renowned in story and in song,
Her glory is our boast!

With loyal hearts we still abide
Beneath her sheltering wing;—
While with true patriot love and pride
To Canada we cling!

We wear no haughty tyrant's chain,—
We bend no servile knee,
When to the mistress of the main
We pledge our fealty.

She binds us with the cords of love,—
All others we disown;
The rights we owe to God above
We yield to Him alone.

May He our future course direct
By His unerring hand;
Our laws and liberties protect,
And bless our native land!

—*Helen M. Johnson.*

XV.

COLUMBUS SET SAIL FOR THE NEW WORLD

August 3rd, 1492.

FROM ROBERTSON'S HISTORY.

On Friday, the 3rd day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished, rather than expected.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hopes in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making their way towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But after holding on several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days, but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared on every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that

it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days, the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the "Pinta" observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the "Nigna" took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance. the air was more mild and warm; and during the night, the wind became more unequal and variable. From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land that, on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in

the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation no man shut his eyes; all kept on deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez observed it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "Land! Land!" was heard from the "Pinta", which kept always ahead of the other ships. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with woods, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the "Pinta" instantly began the "Te Deum" as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

AMERICA.

Immortal morn, all hail,
That saw Columbus sail
By Faith alone.

The skies before him bowed,
Back rolled the ocean proud,
And every lifting cloud
 With glory shone.

Fair Science then was born
On that celestial morn,
 Faith dared the sea;
Triumphant o'er her foes,
Then Truth immortal rose,
New heavens to disclose
 And earth to free.

Strong Freedom then came forth
To liberate the earth
 And crown the right;
So walked the pilot bold
Upon the sea of gold,
And darkness backward rolled
 And there was light.

Sweep, sweep across the seas,
Ye rolling jubilees,
 Grand chorals raise;
The world adorning stands,
And with uplifted hands
Offers from all the lands,
 To God its praise.

Ye hosts of faith, sing on;
The victories ye have won
 Shall time increase,
And, like the choral strain
That fell on Bethlehem's plain,
Inspire the perfect reign
 Of Love and Peace.

—*Butterworth.*

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind, the gates of Hercules,
Before him, not the ghost of shores,
 Before him, only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?
 "Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
 My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn,"
"Why, you may say at break of day,
 'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead,
These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
 He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lips, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite;
Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped like a leaping sword,
 "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! and then a speak,
 "A light! A light! A light! A light!"
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

THE PROPHET BIRD—1492.

The sails hung listless on the pictured sea
 Where green Sargasso meadows pulsed and dreamed
 In liquid atmosphere; the sea birds free,
 On silken pinions, sank and rose and gleamed—
 A sea of glass and mingled gold it seemed.
 The great sun rose, an open gate of Heaven,
 And landless seas filled the horizon broad.
 Columbus gazed; when from some far shore driven
 By venturous wings, a happy land bird came
 And sang upon the spars. The Prophet Pilot heard,
 That winged messenger, on seas aflame,
 That the dead air with mystic warblings stirred,
 And, as a lone discoverer, hailed the bird
 Sent out to lead the New World's ark of God.

—*Butterworth.*¹

COLUMBUS DAY DIALOGUE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS:

"A night of dark again descends upon us,
 And through its inky blackness not one light
 Doth pierce to offer welcome, cheer, or hope.
 Instead the elements combine to make us dread
 What to our finite minds seems naught but death.

¹ Permission of "The Youth's Companion".

Week after week, and with each passing hour
I've watched and yearned for sight of long-sought
land.

And, as if to reward a purpose set,
The sea with angry toss casts up before our eyes
A twig on branch that once did grow on land.

This was a message—an answer to my prayers,
For ignorant men, it was but taunt to theirs;
It meant a new land won and found for queen
Whose trust had meant the promise of my dream
Of worthy service to her country fair."

THE MATE'S APPEAL:

"Good Captain, hearken to the plea we humbly make
That you give up this task—e'en now you do
despair.

Behind us lie the gray Azores, behind, the Gates of
Hercules,
Before us not the ghost of shores and only shoreless
seas.

"Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"

COLUMBUS:

"Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

MATE:

"My men grow mutinous day by day
My men grow ghastly wan and weak.

(Mate pauses.)

What shall I say, Brave Admiral, say
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

COLUMBUS:

"Why, you may say, at break of day,
Sail on! sail on! and on!"

MATE:

“Why now not even God would know
Should I and all my friends fall dead.
These very winds forget their way
For God from these dread seas is gone;
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—”

COLUMBUS:

“Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!”
*(Mate retires and Columbus stands on deck peering
into darkness. A sailor calls out:*

SAILOR:

“A light! A light! A light! A light!”

MATE:

“Noble Admiral, pardon my want of faith
But my desire was prompted by sincere
Wish for the safety of my men, myself, and you.
This light shall grow to be Time’s burst of dawn
You have gained a world, and given that world
Its grandest lesson—‘On! Sail on!’”
—*From an historical pageant, arranged by
W. Clarence Richards.*¹

¹ By permission of the Author.

XVI.

BRITAIN ENTERED THE GREAT WAR.

August 4th, 1914.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

At the beginning of the last week of July, 1914, Canadians were engaged in their ordinary occupations with no thought of the possibility of war. For a hundred years harmony had reigned between the Dominion and its great neighbor to the south, and preparations were being made to celebrate "the Century of Peace". Then suddenly the quarrel between Austria and Serbia developed into a mighty conflict. Within twelve days five great nations, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Russia, France and England, and two small nations, Serbia and Belgium, had passed from a state of peace to one of war.

That the contest was not merely a material one, but one in which the most vital moral and spiritual issues were involved was clearly seen and stated by prominent British statesmen who had done their utmost to avert the catastrophe. Mr. Asquith, then premier of Great Britain, fully expressed the mind of the British people when he declared shortly after the declaration of war:

"We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure and more all she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

On August 1st, the Canadian Government became so concerned over the outlook that the following message was sent to the British Government by the Governor-General:

"My advisers wish to convey to His Majesty's Government the firm assurance that, if unhappily war should ensue, the Canadian people will be united in a common resolve to put forth every effort and to make every sacrifice necessary to ensure the integrity and maintenance of the honour of our Empire."

In reply, the British Government cabled the following message: "With reference to your telegram, His Majesty's Government gratefully welcome the assurance that in the present crisis they may rely on the whole-hearted co-operation of the people of Canada."

War was declared on August 4th and preparations were made at once by the Canadian Government to send a contingent overseas. Within six weeks of the outbreak of war an army of 33,000 men was enrolled, trained and embarked—the largest single force that had ever sailed from the shores of Canada to aid in the defence of the Mother Land and the Empire.

Soon after hostilities began, the Parliament of Canada met to take all necessary measures for the active participation of this country in the war. In a memorable address, Sir Wilfrid Laurier eloquently expressed the heartfelt convictions of his fellow-countrymen when he said:

"We are British subjects, and to-day we are face to face with the consequences which are involved in that proud fact. Long we have enjoyed the benefit of our British citizenship; to-day it is our duty and our privilege to accept its responsibilities; yes, and its sacrifices. It is our duty to let Great Britain know, to let the friends and foes of Great Britain know, that there is in Canada but one mind and one heart, and that all Canadians stand behind the Mother Country conscious and proud that she did not engage in war from any selfish motive, for any purpose of aggrandizement, but

that she engaged in war to maintain untarnished the honour of her name, to fulfil her obligations, and to save civilization from the unbridled lust of conquest and power."

The Premier of Canada, Sir Robert Borden, gave expression to similar patriotic sentiments when, in closing his address, he said :

"As to our duty, all are agreed, east and west, and we stand shoulder to shoulder with Britain and the other British possessions in this quarrel. And that duty we shall not fail to fulfil as the honour of Canada demands. Not for love of battle, not for lust of conquest, not for greed of possessions, but for the cause of honour, to maintain solemn pledges, to uphold the principle of liberty, to withstand forces that would convert the world into an armed camp; yes, in the very name of peace we sought at any cost, save that of dishonour, we entered into this war; and while gravely conscious of the tremendous issues involved and of all the sacrifices that they may entail, we do not shrink from them, but with firm hearts we abide the event."

This anniversary, therefore, is a day of remembrance, a day of dedication, a day for the expression of our deepest gratitude to those who fought for us in the Great War. Canada was but little known to the world at large before August 4th, 1914. To-day her name is held in the highest respect because of the achievements of her sons. But achievement has been linked with sacrifice, and to-day we should especially cherish the memory of those 55,000 Canadians who made the supreme sacrifice.

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn;
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning
We shall remember them."

Truly, "their name liveth evermore", and as each August 4th comes round we would do well to remember that this free land in which we live was bought with a

price—the blood of heroes, whose deathless fame no man can take away.

“THE WAR AIMS OF THE ALLIES.”

“If, then we are asked what we are fighting for, we reply as we have often replied. We are fighting for a just and lasting peace—and we believe before permanent peace can be hoped for, three conditions must be fulfilled:

“First, the sanctity of treaties must be re-established. Secondly, a territorial settlement must be secured based on the right of self-determination or the consent of the governed; and lastly, we must seek by the creation of some international organization to limit the burden of armaments and diminish the probability of war.

“On these conditions the British Empire would welcome peace. To secure these conditions its peoples are prepared to make even greater sacrifices than those they have endured.”

—*David Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain.*

WE’LL NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL.

Britain’s flag has always stood for Justice,
Britain’s hope has always been for peace;
Britain’s foes have known that they could trust us,
To do our best to make the cannons cease.
Britain’s blood will never stand for insult,
Britain’s sons will rally at her call,
Britain’s pride will never let her exult,
But we’ll never let the old flag fall.

CHORUS:

We’ll never let the old flag fall
For we love it the best of all.
We don’t want to fight to show our might,
But when we start, we fight, fight, fight.

In peace or war you'll hear us sing,
"God save the flag, God save the King!"
At the end of the world, the flag's unfurled,
We'll never let the old flag fall.

Britain's sons have always called her Mother,
Britain's sons have always loved her best,
Britain's sons would die to show they love her,
The dear old Flag laid on each manly breast.
Britain's ships have always ruled the ocean,
Britain's sons will serve her, one and all,
Britain's sons will show their true devotion,
And will never let the old Flag fall.

CHORUS:

—*Albert E. MacNutt.*

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion even more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—*George Eliot.*

XVII.

LABOR DAY,—SEPTEMBER 1st—7th.

Declared a National Holiday, 1894.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

Labor Day, which we celebrate each year on the first Monday in September, is a day specially set apart to mark the dignity of toil. The nation, through Parliament, has made it a national institution, thereby recognizing the importance of labor and the laboring people. And surely we do well to keep such a day, for, in the words of Thomas Carlyle: "There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair."

Idleness, whether enforced or voluntary, is a curse. In labor is blessing for body, mind and spirit. It does not shorten life, but tends to lengthen it. It is the great maker of character. There is really nothing achieved without it, and an honest man works because he ought to do so, not because he must. As a stimulator of self-respect nothing can take the place of an honest day's toil.

No problem, however, is causing so much anxiety in the world to-day, as the labor problem, which, in its main aspects, dates from the great industrial revolution which took place during the latter half of the eighteenth century. During this period, progress in invention was exceptionally rapid. Kay's flying shuttle had facilitated the process of weaving, and there was a greatly increased demand for yarn. This was met by Har-

greave's invention of the spinning jenny in 1767, and Arkwright's roller spinning machine in 1771. With the invention of the power loom came the demand for more power and this was soon supplied by the use of steam. With the invention of the steam engine the industrial revolution became an accomplished fact.

Revolution is not too strong a term to apply to the mighty changes wrought in a few short years. The factory system quickly dominated the entire realm of industry. Competition was keyed up to the highest pitch, and handwork was driven from the field. The workman drifted to the city to join the growing army of employees, between whom and the employer a great gulf yawned. Prior to this period they had led a common life; they ate at the same board and mingled in closest fellowship. Now all was changed. The laborer lost his independence and became subject more and more to the will of his employer. The employer, on the other hand, grew wealthy, and soon capital and labor, employer and employee, were engaged in a bitter struggle which has gone on for more than a century.

What were the chief results of the factory system, so far as labor was concerned? First there was division of labor. A man did one thing and that alone. Further, women and children were largely employed, and the old home life was broken up or greatly modified. In the third place, workmen realizing their powerlessness as individuals, began to organize labor unions, and with the advent of these, the struggle entered on its final phase.

Labor unions have now been formed in all the principal cities of Europe and America, and in Canada to-day they wield a powerful influence. Their main purposes have been to reduce the hours of labor and, at the same time, to increase the standard of living of the working man. Whether the present mutual hostility of capital and labor will deepen and bring on a disastrous series of strikes, ending in revolution, or whether there will be

generous concessions made by each side, resulting in gradual reform, the future alone must determine.

It is important to remember, however, that the labor union is not a revolutionary organization and was never intended to be such. Its founders knew better than most men that revolutions never improve the economic conditions of the workers. The trade or labor union is an institution designed to make for the orderly rise of the working people through constitutional process. Fortunately, we have within our hands all the means necessary to secure such economic changes as may be deemed expedient. We have self government, and we have the ballot box. There may be reasons for revolutions in countries where men are not politically free, but there is absolutely no excuse for such violent measures in a free country like Canada. Here, organized labor can avail itself of its rights and send to Parliament men who will voice its opinions, champion its cause, and compel attention to its principles.

The war revealed to us the benefits gained by co-operation, and the idea is spreading. The safety of the future is not to be found in conflict between the two great classes that make up the industrial world but in their closer association. The principle of employees being entitled to a voice in the control of industry is sweeping around the world with such swiftness that to-day scarcely anyone can be found who opposes the idea. It may not be going too far to say that joint control of the sources of wealth by Capital and Labor appears to be the next and logical step in the evolution of the industrial order.

TO A WORKER.

O worker, going forth to-day
To do your bit and earn your pay.
Amid machinery's hum and whine,
Or down into the darksome mine;
Where city buildings reach up high,
Or farm lands roll beneath the sky—

What think you of your job to-day,
Are you just working for the pay,
Or do you throb with joy of it,
And feel how worth while is your bit,
And that the work you do is part
Of all the world's great throbbing heart?
That job of yours, if it's well done,
For you, O friend, is a victory won,
Over the things that should not be,
And reaches to Eternity!

Virginia Jackson Safford.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

* * * *

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

* * * *

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!
—*Longfellow.*

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT COMETH.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.
—*Ann L. Coghill.*

THE SHOE-MAKER.

There's a little old man in a little old house,
Lives over the way, you see,
He sits at the window and he sews all day,
Making shoes for you and me!

CHORUS:

With a rap-a-tap-tap!
With a rap-a-tap-tap!
And a rap-a-tap-tap!
He hammers tip-tap-tee!
A rap-a-tap-tap!
And a rap-a-tap-tap!
Making shoes for you and me.

He puts his needle in and out,
His thread flies to and fro!
With his tiny awl he bores a hole—
And he hammers a heavy blow!

CHORUS:

NOTE: (Have pupils enter dressed to represent Canadian industries,—mining, farming, etc.—each with appropriate verses which might be composed by the pupils in composition class).

XVIII.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

September 13th, 1759.

FROM "MOWAT'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN."

The success of the British arms in Canada depended largely upon the capture of Quebec, whose garrison of sixteen thousand men was commanded by the brave and gallant Montcalm. The attacking British force, under General Wolfe, numbered only nine thousand. The opposing leaders were finely matched: Montcalm, experienced, scientific, cool; Wolfe, enthusiastic, daring, skilful. But bad luck at first attended the British expedition; after sailing up the St. Lawrence some of the transports were driven ashore by a storm, on June 27, (1759). Wolfe, however, was able to occupy the island of Orleans and Point Levis, and to mount his batteries against the city.

For the next two and a half months the siege, although prosecuted with the greatest vigour, was unsuccessful, in spite of Wolfe's hold on the left bank of the river. He even established posts on the north side of the St. Lawrence, both below and above Quebec, but his attempts to take the city itself by assault, failed with great loss of life. At the end of July the English forces suffered a bloody repulse in a frontal attack on the French lines on the Montmorency River, just below Quebec. In the middle of August, Wolfe, himself, was prostrated by fever, and it appeared as if the whole expedition must fail; he wrote to his mother that he would leave the Army, for he considered that his reputation was ruined and his career at an end. Yet he would

not abandon the struggle till every conceivable resource had been tried. On August 29th, having recovered from the fever, he held a council of war with his brigadiers. They unanimously recommended that a great effort should be made from the west side, above the city.

Accordingly, at the beginning of September, strong detachments were sent up the river, while, to distract Montcalm's attention, minor attacks were made against Quebec itself. Wolfe, anxiously surveying through a telescope the steep north bank of the St. Lawrence above the city, had noticed a path which ascended from a little cove, called l'Anse du Foulon, to the plateau above. At the top of the path a French picket could be seen. Wolfe calculated that a party of his men might land by night at the cove, ascend the path, and surprise the picket. The way would then be clear for more troops to come up to the plateau, where they would form a line of battle. The plan was most clearly risky; it was to be carried out by night, over unfamiliar ground; it required perfect training, organization, and discipline; the smallest mistake might ruin it.

About two o'clock on the morning of September 13, boatloads of soldiers (who had been concentrated upstream) were moved down the river with the ebbing tide. Before starting, Wolfe issued an order:

"The officers and men will remember what their country expects from them, and what a determined body of soldiers are capable of doing against five weak battalions, mingled with a disorderly peasantry. The soldiers must be attentive to their officers, and resolute in the execution of their duty."

As his boat dropped down with the tide, in the silence and solemnity of the night, he is said to have repeated the stately, moving lines of Gray's "Elegy":

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike await th' inevitable hour;

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

About 4 a.m. they came to l'Anse du Foulon, now called Wolfe's Cove, about a mile and a half above the city. The first boat to ground at the shore contained twenty-four men of the 43rd Foot (Oxfordshire Light Infantry). Wolfe's boat came next. The path up the steep wooded height was successfully scaled, and the unwary picket surprised and captured. Detachment after detachment followed; and before six o'clock, when dull daylight had come 4,000 British soldiers were marching towards Quebec. About a mile from the city, Wolfe halted his men, and drew them up in a line of battle. From their position on the Heights of Abraham, as this part of the plateau, on which Quebec stands, is called, they threatened the city, and Montcalm at last must come out and fight. For the British, victory meant Canada; a defeat would sweep them off the cliff.

Montcalm had been out all night, for Admiral Saunders, who commanded the British ships, had been making a feint of landing in the meadows below Quebec. About 6 a.m., as the French general was riding towards the city, he heard that the British were on the Heights of Abraham. There was no time for delay, as Wolfe might bring up guns, and make Quebec untenable. Montcalm at once got his men together and marched forth with a force of 5,000 (the rest of his forces were left to garrison the town and to hold the Beauport lines, which Admiral Saunders was threatening to attack). No artillery or cavalry were used on either side. It was a purely infantry battle.

The fight began some time before ten o'clock. The French came on to the attack. Wolfe reserved his fire till the enemy were within forty yards; with admirable discipline the British waited for the word of command, and then discharged their pieces with deadly effect. The French line was broken, and a series of charges by the British infantry completed the rout. It was when putting himself at the head of the last charge that Wolfe received a fatal wound; Montcalm, too, was shot, trying to get the remnant of his troops back to Quebec; he died

in the city on the following morning. Wolfe died on the field of battle, having just heard that the victory was won. In his life, as in his death, he seems to anticipate the career of Nelson; like Nelson, he was delicate, studious, daring, and had a rare genius; the order which he issued before the battle, is like Nelson's before Trafalgar, and he died in his great victory, at one of the historic moments of the world. His body was brought back to England and buried in the vault of Greenwich Parish Church, where his father had been buried only six months earlier.¹

A HISTORIC RELIC RETURNED.

Hastings, England, returns to Quebec a shield taken from Quebec gates in 1759.

An interesting ceremony took place at Hastings, Sussex, England, on July 16, 1925, when, on behalf of the town, there was presented to Hon. Peter Larkin, High Commissioner for Canada in London, an escutcheon which had been taken from the gates of Quebec in 1759. The escutcheon was handed over to Mr. Larkin to be returned to the city of Quebec. The shield dates from the reign of Louis XV. (1715-1774). It bears the arms of France encircled by the collar and badge of the Order of the Saint Esprit; the whole being surmounted by the crown of France.

The mount of the shield now bears the following inscription in French and English:

"This escutcheon of the Kings of France, taken from a gate of Quebec in 1759 and presented to Hastings by General Murray, first British Governor of Canada, was graciously returned to the City of Quebec by the Town of Hastings on the 16th July, 1925."

¹ Reprinted from "A New History of Great Britain", by permission of Mr. R. B. Mowat and the Oxford University Press.

The ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering of citizens, and a number of prominent Canadians in Great Britain were also on the platform. The Mayor of Hastings in opening the proceedings said: "For nearly 200 years the shield which we see before us has been the treasured possession of this town. There are some things in this world which are not for sale—that no money could buy—this shield is one. But what we can do and what we are doing to-day is to give it back to the City of Quebec with our affectionate regards and very best wishes. And why are we doing this? Because of our deep and sincere affection for the great Dominion of Canada. Because we are of the same stock with a common history, the same King and flag."

Lord Willingdon, a freeman of Hastings, now His Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, who formerly represented the constituency in Parliament and who had taken a very keen interest in the movement for the return of the shield, made the presentation to the High Commissioner. After referring to the history associated with the shield, Lord Willingdon said: "To you, Mr. Larkin, in your influential position as High Commissioner for the great Dominion of Canada, I now hand over this shield in the name of the citizens of Hastings, and I ask you to convey it across the wide Atlantic, up the great St. Lawrence River, till it arrives safely in the City of Quebec. And we ask you to take a message from the citizens of Hastings to the citizens of Quebec. Tell them that we give them back this shield with feelings of friendship and real affection; tell them that we give it back as an earnest token of our intense desire to see unity and brotherhood throughout the whole of the British Empire; tell them, above all, that we send it back as a symbol of the lasting friendship between England and France of which Quebec should be for all time the binding link."

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

Behind Jacques Cartier's hills the sun sinks low;
Low burn the beacon fires along the shore;
The drowsy watch dreams of his Norman home,
And dusky warriors sleep, and deem their toils are
o'er.

Beneath the raven wing of sable night,
A little band, with martial fire aglow,
Sweeps on, while he who nobly leads them on
Chides every tardy hour that parts him from the foe.

Not glory's star allures that dauntless breast,
Nor lust of conquest fires that eagle eye;
For hearth and home, for King and Crown, his brand
Unsheathes at duty's call, and Wolfe will win or die.

And while no ghostly form unveils the fate
That, ere to-morrow's eve, awaits the brave,—
Love's gifts all laid aside, he grasps his sword,
And sighs, "The paths of glory lead but to the
grave."

—*Duncan Anderson.*

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

I stood upon the plain,
That had trembled, when the slain
Hurled their proud, defiant curses at the battle-
heated foe,
When the steed dashed right and left,
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,
When the bridle-rein was broken, and the rider was
laid low.

What busy feet had trod

Upon the very sod

Where I marshalled the battalions of my fancy to
my aid!

And I saw the combat dire,

Heard the quick, incessant fire,

And the cannons' echoes startling the reverberating
glade.

I saw them, one and all,

The banners of the Gaul

In the thickest of the contest, round the resolute
Montcalm;

The well-attended Wolfe,

Emerging from the gulf

Of the battle's fiery furnace, like the swelling of a
psalm.

I heard the chorus dire

That jarred along the lyre

On which the hymn of battle rung, like surgings of
the wave,

When the storm, at blackest night,

Wakes the ocean in affright,

As it shouts its mighty pibroch o'er some ship-
wrecked vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore

Flash from its scabbard, o'er

The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close
and fierce attack;

When victory gave the word,

Then Scotia drew the sword,

And with arm that never faltered drove the brave
defenders back.

I saw two great chief die,
Their last breath like the sigh
 Of the zephyr-sprite that wantons on the rosy lips of
 morn,
No envy-poisoned darts,
No rancor in their hearts,
 To unfit them for their triumph over death's im-
 pending scorn.

And as I thought and gazed,
My soul, exultant, praised
 The Power to whom each mighty act and victory
 are due;
For the saint-like peace that smiled
Like a heaven-gifted child,
 And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant
 view.

Oh, rare, divinest life
Of Peace compared with Strife!
 Yours is the truest splendour, and the most en-
 during fame;
All the glory ever reaped
Where the fiends of battle leaped,
 Is harsh discord to the music of your undertoned
 acclaim.

—*Charles Sangster.*

XIX.

BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

October 13th, 1812.

FROM "GAMMELL'S HISTORY OF CANADA."

After their failure to enter Canada from the West, the Americans now prepared for a second invasion of Canada from Lewiston on the Niagara. Brock had but fifteen hundred men scattered along the entire frontier of thirty-five miles. He himself with the main force was at Fort George where he expected the American attack to be made; while at Queenston, opposite Lewiston, there were only a few companies of regulars and militia.

Before dawn on the thirteenth of October, a strong party of the enemy crossed the river and landed near the foot of the Heights that stretch westward from Queenston. The little British force was on the alert and fired a well-directed volley through the dark into the invaders, which brought down over fifty, including the leader. The Americans were driven back to the river-brink and there remained till daylight, although steadily reinforced from their own side.

Shortly after sunrise, Brock came galloping up from Fort George and at once climbed to the one-gun battery, situated half-way up the Heights, to get a better view of the situation. A few minutes later a large body of Americans which, unobserved, had scrambled by an unguarded path up the precipice from the river, suddenly burst from the bushes only a few yards away. Brock and his companions hastily retreated to the foot of the hill, leaving the battery in the enemy's hands.

Gathering the few men available, he gallantly charged at their head up the slope to regain the post. His tall form and distinguished appearance made him a shining mark, and pierced by a musketball, he fell, with the shout: "Push on, brave York volunteers!" on his lips. His men wavered before the fierce fire, but again advanced under command of Colonel McDonell of Glengarry, Brock's aide-de-camp and devoted friend. He, too, was shot down, and the British retreated to the village to await the coming of the main force from Fort George.

It arrived shortly after noon, led by General Sheaffe. Not wishing to climb the Heights in face of the enemy, he made a wide detour to the west and approached them on the upper level. The troops were burning to avenge the death of their beloved general, and charged fiercely with the bayonet. A volley fired at a distance of forty yards brought many down, but failed to stop the rush, and the Americans were driven in headlong flight over the cliffs. Some escaped across the river, many were drowned in the attempt, but most of them surrendered at the river-brink. At the close of the day, Sheaffe had a thousand prisoners of war on his hands.

It was indeed a glorious victory, but rejoicing in Canada was everywhere clouded with grief for the loss of Brock. He did not live to win the victory, but he gave his life for the country he had served so well. The grateful remembrance of that service by the Canadian people is recorded by the tall column which marks his last resting place on Queenston Heights.¹

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.

¹ By permission of the Publishers, W. J. Gage and Co. Ltd.

Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwine
The Maple Leaf forever!

CHORUS:

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood, and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far-famed land,
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless,
The Maple Leaf forever!

—*Alexander Muir.*

THE FLAG.

“Unfurl the flag of England
And fling it to the breeze
Beloved by loyal hearts at home
And those beyond the seas;
The symbol, as in ages gone,
Of reverence for the Right,
That leads men ever on and on
Through Liberty to Light.”

GENERAL BROCK.

One voice, one people, one in heart
And soul, and feeling, and desire!
Relight the smouldering martial fire,
Sound the mute trumpet, strike the lyre.
The hero-deed cannot expire;
The dead still play their part.

Raise high the monumental stone!
A nation's fealty is theirs,
And we are the rejoicing heirs,
The honored sons of sires whose cares
We take upon us unawares,
As freely as our own.

We boast not of the victory,
But render homage, deep and just,
To his—to their—immortal dust,
Who proved so worthy of their trust;
No lofty pile nor sculptured bust
Can herald their degree.

No tongue can blazon forth their fame—
The cheers that stir the sacred hill
Are but mere promptings of the will
That conquered then, that conquers still;
And generations yet shall thrill
At Brock's remembered name.

—Charles Sangster.

XX.

TRAFALGAR DAY.

Battle of Trafalgar fought October 21st, 1805.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

“Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the north-west died
away—
Bluish, mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay.
Here, and here did England help me—
How can I help England, say?”

—*Browning.*

Only the youngest of us can fail to realize what this anniversary symbolizes—strict attention to duty, endurance and tenacity, universally acknowledged command of the sea. From the days when Alfred the Great built his long ships to guard the shores of his native land, the Anglo-Saxon race has had its home upon the deep. And now, after a thousand years, the sons of the “Old Gray Mother” are still the darling children of the sea. To-day the Flag “whose service is freedom” is protected wherever it flies by the great fleet whose spirit is revealed in the noble prayer authorized for daily use in the British Navy: “That we may be a safeguard unto our most gracious Sovereign Lord and His Dominions, and a security for such a pass on the seas on their lawful occasions.”

What a safeguard the Fleet was to us in the Great War we all know. “Thank God and the British Navy for my breakfast!” was then a form of grace for the use of children in the United Kingdom. “From the first

day of the war," said a writer in "The Times", "the British fleet gained such absolute control of the ocean roads, that the public soon came to take it for granted."

Just think, for a moment, what the Navy was called upon to do during the war. Think of the thousands of transport ships carrying men and food to England and France. Think of the trawlers and minesweepers working day and night around the British Isles. Think of the flotillas of destroyers and submarines patrolling the Channel, and the northern seas. Think of the great dreadnoughts and battle cruisers watching and waiting for the German fleet to appear. "There are seven and only seven functions," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, "which a fleet can perform; all these functions were successfully performed by the British Fleet."

Yet, though our naval traditions stretch back from the Great War to the reign of Alfred the Great, no battle ever fought on the high seas stirs the blood like the Battle of Trafalgar. The reason for this is obvious. Never was Britain in greater peril, and never was there a naval victory more momentous. For three years, the French Emperor, Napoleon, had been perfecting his plans for the invasion of England; at Boulogne, he had 160,000 picked soldiers all equipped for the task of conquest. To get this army across the Channel more than two thousand boats were built, each capable of carrying a hundred men. The soldiers were drilled daily so that the advance guard of 25,000 men could embark in one hour and disembark in the same time. All that was needed was a strong fleet which could hold Nelson while the flotilla was crossing. Within four days after landing, the ambitious Corsican hoped to disband the Government, overturn the Throne, and make England a part of his new established Empire. "Let us be masters of the Straits for six hours," said Napoleon, "and we shall be masters of the world." Only Nelson and the British Fleet stood between him and the attainment of his towering ambition.

The story of the manoeuvres leading up to the victory we commemorate on October 21st is well worth recalling even after the lapse of more than a century. Admiral Villeneuve, with the French and Spanish fleets, had thirty-three ships; Nelson had twenty-seven. The French ships lay in the form of a crescent; the English attacked in two straight lines, Nelson having raised aloft his famous signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty". So splendidly was duty done by the British captains and crews that eighteen of the enemy's ships were captured; the rest fled or were destroyed. England had been saved in her hour of peril by the great Admiral who died happy in the consciousness of victory, whispering with his latest breath: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty."

Undoubtedly, in the long roll of British sea-captains, no other has been so beloved as Nelson. Nor is this surprising, for he ruled men by the spirit he inspired. In the Battle of Copenhagen, when his superior officers hoisted the signal to "leave off action", Nelson on being told of the message, put the telescope to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! Nail mine to the mast!"

Yet though it was his custom to pursue the enemy relentlessly he was always chivalrous and never failed to send boats to the relief of the drowning. He looked after the welfare of the humblest of his subordinates as readily as to the interests of his captains, and was always the first to visit the wounded in hospital. At Trafalgar he realized that his own wound was fatal and insisted on the surgeon leaving him in order to attend to others.

No wonder that he is still the sailor's patron saint. To this day the neatly tied black ribbon worn under the open sailor collar of every British blue-jacket is a reminder of the great admiral at whose funeral it was worn in 1806, when his mortal remains were reverently laid to rest under the lofty dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The great Nelson has passed from earth, but his dauntless spirit still lives in the men who man our steel-

clad ships to-day. The "Vindictive" ranks with the "Victory", and the heroes of Ostend and Zeebrugge are in the same class with those who fought at Trafalgar. May we catch something of their spirit on this great anniversary and learn, like them, that "the path of Duty is the way to Glory".

RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain—
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blessed as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

Still more majestic thou shalt rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame
To work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The Muses still with freedom found
Shall to thy happy coast repair—
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

—*James Thomson.*

DO YOUR PART.

When you see the flag of beauty
Do you feel the call of duty,
Do you hear the bugle sounding in your heart?
When you see its colours blowing,
Does it set your spirit glowing
For your country, make you strong to do your part?
That Freedom may not perish
From the land that Freemen cherish,
Do your part!

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

O'er Nelson's tomb with silent grief opprest
Britannia mourns her hero now at rest,
But those bright laurels will not fade with years,
Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay
We saw the foemen lay;
Each heart was bounding then;
We scorned the foreign yoke,
For our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men!
Our Nelson marked them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave
Nor thought of home or beauty.
Along the line the signal ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore,

Our Nelson led the way;
His ship, the "Victory" named;
Long be that victory famed,
For victory crowned the day!
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought,
For England, home and beauty.
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received,
"Heaven fights upon our side!
The day's our own!" he cried,
"Now long enough I've lived!
In honour's cause my life was passed,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty."
Thus ending life as he began,
England confessed that every man
That day had done his duty.

—*Old Song.*

XXI.

THE END OF THE GREAT WAR. SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE.

November 11th, 1918.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

It has been the privilege of the present generation to live through some of the greatest and most dramatic days in the experience of mankind. Those four years between August 4th, 1914, the date of Britain's entry into the War, and November 11th, 1918, when the Armistice was signed, are undoubtedly the most momentous in our history. At the beginning, a single additional day's delay on the part of Britain might have changed the destiny of the world, for it was only after four days of futile attempts at peace-making that Great Britain entered the lists, a knight errant in the cause of humanity.

Then came the news of the retreat from Mons, the British line being pushed back steadily by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Southward it continued, day after day, night after night, rapid, harrowing, critical, incessant; annihilation constantly threatening.

It is a long way from Mons in August, 1914, to Mons in November, 1918—and between retreat and victory lie the glories of Ypres, Passchendaele, Vimy and Amiens—but Mons marks the faith with which each British soldier was inspired at every part of the War. Listen to this hopeful message written by a Canadian chaplain from Mons in December, 1918:

"It is Sunday afternoon and I am writing this letter from Mons. It is no longer a story of British retreat. The sense of victory is in the air. The Canadian corps has begun its memorable march towards the Rhine, and it is my privilege to be with them. Each step of the way is strewn with the wreck of despotic ambitions and sanctified by the blood of our brave men who fought and died for liberty and justice.

"In the year that has gone I have been privileged to travel far, and to witness many things. I have seen with admiration the heroic courage and self-sacrifice of the British people. I have lived in France and I have felt the thrill of her splendid endurance and faith as she suffered and kept her hopes high in the midst of her ruined cities and her devastated land. I have travelled far into Belgium, and burned with indignation at the sight of her wrongs. I have seen the horrors and wantonness of war.

"And now from a heart full of gratitude to God, I welcome the coming of Christmas, with its message of peace no longer broken by the sound of shrieking shrapnel and the thunder of the guns. There were dark days when our souls were tested, but the dark days have scattered. A glad day has come. Let us first fall on our knees in thankfulness to God, and then set to work to heal the wounds that the War has made. In the New Year we must begin to build the New World that is to be."

There is much food for thought in that closing sentence of the chaplain's Christmas letter. We look forward to a better world whose walls shall rise to the tune of brotherhood. We look for more freedom and justice; for a more equitable adjustment of social conditions; where the workman will share more fairly in the fruits of his toil and where the weak and helpless will not be crowded to the wall. Out of the welter and chaos of the past, a new and better world will emerge if we keep faith with those who sleep.

In one of his addresses before the Plenary Conference, the late President Wilson made a striking

reference to the soldiers of the United States. "As I go about the streets here," he said, "I see everywhere the American uniform. Those men came into the War after we had uttered our purpose. They came as crusaders, not merely to win a war, but to win a cause."

This language applies still more aptly to the soldiers of Canada. No participant in the War has so clear a record of disinterestedness as has our own Dominion. The United States came in only after repeated and deliberate attacks upon its national honour had left no other alternative to a proud nation; but Canada, in response to a deep and true instinct, drew her sword at the first blast of the trumpet. There was no careful calculation about Canada's entrance into the War; nor was there desire for territory or trade or glory. There was intuitive recognition that this was Armageddon, and that if the powers of hell were not to overturn the world Canada would be needed to keep the foundations firm.

As a people we have learned many lessons of inestimable value from the great world war, and no one has pointed these out more clearly than Rev. Dr. J. H. Cody, who, in a notable memorial address, gave utterance to these solemn words:

"Through the experiences of these years," said Dr. Cody, "we have learned the possibilities of heroism latent in every man. We have regained a right sense of the relative value of things, and we know that the first things are those which are ideal, spiritual, eternal. We know that persons are of infinitely more value than things; that the development and enrichment of personality mark the only true advance in civilization; and that the basis of national progress is the health, efficiency, and spiritual well-being of the people. We have realized the power of organized effort. We shall not forget the bonds of sympathy which common sorrows have created. We have gained a wider outlook on the world and a truer conception of the meaning of empire. We understand more clearly the national problems that lie before us in this new era. A better Canada will not

come of itself. It must be planned for and striven for. But it will come, if there is kindled in the souls of our citizens the same flame of sacrifice and service as that which burned so brightly in the hearts of Canada's citizen-soldiers of the Great War."

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
Thy fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

—Isaac Watts.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—*Lieut.-Col. John McCrae*¹

France, 1917.

THE HERITAGE OF THANKSGIVING.

Our songs are sweeter for the songs they lifted,
Our praises higher for their praises given;
And though the firelight show their vacant places,
Heart cleaves to heart, in bonds of song unbroken.

So at the feast when some will miss our faces,
Our notes from far-off days will meet their own;
The past and present in one chorus blending
To swell Thanksgiving hymns around the Throne!

—*George T. Packard.*

¹ By permission of the Proprietors of London "Punch" and The Ryerson Press.

ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

The English shore-line fades into the night;
Before us lie a thousand leagues of foam;
And then—we forward strain our eager sight—
Fair Canada, our Canada, our home!
There's laughter in each voice and in each heart,
We're in a heaven of delight—and yet,
Think not, old England, though in joy we part,
That there is not a shadow of regret.

For we have seen your might on every coast
And done our little bit to keep you great.
We, as companions of your battle-host,
Walked hand in hand with Death, cast dice with Fate,
Along with your own sons off many a shore;
Convoying, sweeping, ever without pause,
We've added to the stories of the war
And some aid given to the common cause.

Our brothers lie 'neath your encircling seas;
They went out bravely, trusty to the last;
Their voices are in every Channel breeze,
Their victory hymn in every North Sea blast;
Go where you will upon your storm-swept strand,
From Land's End to the rock-bound Shetland Isles,
You'll find their unmarked graves on every hand
Within those waters that the beast defiles.

Dear are those seas of death and bitter cold,
Not for their howling winds nor tossing waves,
But for Canadian hero-dead they hold,
Deep in their simple sailor warrior graves.
Thus we are bound, old England, bound to thee;
Fetters of steel were never half so true
As those forged by the sacred memory
Of our dead pals; England, adieu! adieu!

—*Frederick B. Watt.*¹

¹ By permission of the Author.

XXII.

THE MODEL PARLIAMENT.

November 27, 1925.

BY MORDEN H. LONG.

Associated Professor of History, University of Alberta.

We celebrate to-day the birthday of the "Mother of Parliaments." This is the name which has been given to the Imperial or British Parliament, which sits in one of the stateliest buildings in the world on the bank of the Thames in London, just a stone's throw from famous old Westminster Abbey.

It seems a very simple and reasonable thing to us that we should elect members of Parliament who gather together to make our laws, and that there should be ministers responsible to Parliament and people to carry out these laws. When we look abroad throughout the world we see this system established almost everywhere—in Europe, in North and South America, in Japan, and now even in China. It is very difficult, therefore, for us to realize that the great peoples of ancient times like the Greeks and the Romans knew nothing about representative Government, and that the idea, simple though it seems to us, took hundreds of years to grow up. Thus it should be a matter of great pride to us that it was the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race which shaped the first true parliament, and that it is from Britain that the whole modern world has copied the general outline of its forms of government.

It was on November 27th, 1295, that the first real national parliament in the history of the world met. For this reason it has been very aptly called the "Model

Parliament". The great King Edward the First summoned it to assemble at Westminster, and there it met, probably in that spacious Westminster Hall which King William Rufus began to build in the eleventh century and which still forms part of the modern Parliament Buildings.

But though November 27th, 1295, is the best date to select as the birthday of Parliament, we must not forget that Parliament had been carefully taking shape for centuries before that time. Even in early Anglo Saxon days there was the Witan, composed of the greatest churchmen and nobles of the kingdom, but about the powers of this body we know little. After the Norman Conquest the Witan was succeeded by the Magnum Concilium or Great Council. In this sat all the King's tenants-in-chief; that is, all the prelates, barons, and knights who held land directly from the King. To this Assembly the old writers often applied the French term "Parlement", but it was not a real parliament as we understand that word, for the people at large were not yet represented in it. It was this body which King John promised in Magna Charta to consult about taxation.

The much hated John himself seems to have taken a step towards forming a more complete parliament, for in 1213 he commanded the sheriffs to send to Oxford from each Shire "Four discreet knights to speak with us on the affairs of our Kingdom." We do not know, however, whether such an assembly ever met. But we do know that in 1254 two knights from each shire did meet in a council to discuss the granting of taxes to the king. Then in 1265 came the famous parliament summoned by the statesman Simon de Monfort. In this sat bishops and barons, knights from the shires, and for the first time representatives of the chief towns. But even this was hardly a real parliament, for de Monfort engrossed in his struggle with the king, summoned only his own supporters and so his parliament was not really repre-

sentative of the people. Thus we have to wait until the time of Edward The First for a parliament in which at least the whole nation found a voice.

Edward's Model Parliament was in form different from our modern parliaments. Instead of our two Houses, Lords and Commons, there were then four houses or estates, as they were called. First came the bishops and barons, the large land owners who had hitherto formed the Great Council. Next were the Knights of the Shires, two chosen by each counel, shire or county of the realm. Then came the Burgesses, two from each important town or borough. And finally there were the proctors or representatives of the clergy, two from each dioeese and one from each cathedral.

Gradually, however, this awkward form gave way to the one with which we are familiar. The clergy withdrew to sit and vote their taxes in another body of their own called Convocation. The representatives of the shires and the towns, who had many interests in common, crossed the road from Westminster Hall to the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, where they sat together as the House of Commons. The bishops and barons, who had once formed the Great Council, continued to sit together and became the House of Lords. All these changes were not completed until about the year 1332, when Parliament became definitely the Parliament of two houses, Lords and Commons, which we know.

Though Parliament thus came into being in England more than six centuries ago, it had to face a long, stubborn, heroic struggle of nearly four hundred years before it became the supreme power in the nation's life. The blood of patriots was shed in the Great Rebellion and the whole nation had to rise against James The Second in 1688, as it had risen long ago against King John, before Parliament became sovereign in the state, as it has since remained.

But the prize was worth the struggle. The better laws, the greater liberty, the more stable government which

Britain thus enjoyed helped her to build up her wide free Empire, while other nations, when they shook off the yoke of their own tyrants, modelled their governments on that of England. Even the United States, when they broke away, patterned their constitution, except for the absence of monarchy, on that of the Britain of their day. Thus the Parliament which Edward the First summoned in a distant, bygone age has become the great exemplar of free governments everywhere. Let us, then raise our flag to-day in honour of the old "Mother of Parliaments". May she long continue as in the past to be the beacon light of liberty throughout the world.

A STATE.

What constitutes a state?

Not high raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No; men, high minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain,

These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, at the state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;

Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en the all dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this Heaven loved-isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men or more?
 —*Sir William Jones.*

MEN OF ENGLAND.

Men of England! who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood!
 Men whose undegenerate spirit
 Has been proved on land and flood:

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,
 Trophies eaptured—breaches mounted,
 Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
 If the patriotism of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom?
 What avail in lands of slavery,
 Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breasts of eivie heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours.—
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitre'd tyranny:—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!
—*Thomas Campbell.*

LIBERTY.

O Liberty! thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
—*Addison.*

XXIII.

VERENDRYE, EXPLORER OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Died December 6th, 1749.

FROM DUNCAN'S "STORY OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE."

In prosecuting the fur trade beyond Lake Superior, the French traders never forgot *La Mer de l'Ouest*, which they thought could not be far distant. Several attempts to find this "Western Sea" failed, owing to the hostility of the warlike Sioux. That the best route to the West lay, not through the country of the Sioux, but farther north through the land of the Assiniboines, was the belief of one Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Verendrye, the commander of a little post on Lake Nipigon, north of Lake Superior. The son of a lieutenant of the Carignan regiment, Pierre had served with honour in the War of the Spanish Succession, but, returning to Canada, had followed the example of many a spirited French Canadian youth and plunged into forest life and the fur trade. At Lake Nipigon Verendrye had listened to Indian tales of a great river flowing into a western sea. Eager to solve the mystery of the unknown land, Verendrye applied to the King of France for permission and aid to equip a party of exploration. Permission was readily given, but no aid other than the right to trade with the Indians by the way. The obstacles were great,—the dangers of a strange country swarming with hostile Indians, the labour of building forts in which to store supplies and

furs, and the opposition of rival merchants. But great as were the obstacles, greater still was the courage of this valiant Frenchman.

Late in August, 1731, Verendrye and his party, including his three sons, a nephew, and a Jesuit priest, reached "Le Grand Portage", forty miles southwest of the Kaministiquia River, leading over the height of land to the waters flowing towards Lake Winnipeg. While the leader spent the winter here with part of his company, the remainder proceeded to Rainy Lake, where a fort was built. The following spring, the whole party pushed on westwards, descending to the mouth of the Maurepas (Winnipeg) River. At this point Verendrye's explorations were checked for several years by the failure of funds and by other troubles which crowded upon the unfortunate explorer. The merchants who were to forward supplies failed to do so; his nephew died; and, as a climax to his misfortunes, twenty-one of his company, including his eldest son, while on their way to Michilimackinac, were set upon and murdered by a band of Sioux.

The course of the Verendrye travels was marked by a series of trading-posts built, at successive stages, on Rainy Lake, on the Lake of the Woods, at the mouth of the Winnipeg, on the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg, on the Assiniboine, on Lake Manitoba, and on the Saskatchewan. Among these rude trading-posts, were Fort La Reine, near the site of the present town of Portage La Prairie, and Fort Rouge whose name still clings to a suburb of the city of Winnipeg.

The work, well begun by the father, was ably carried on by his sons. Two of these, accompanied by two Canadians, ascended the Assiniboine, crossed over to the Missouri, and thence pushed westwards to the Rocky Mountains. The youngest son later ascended the Saskatchewan as far as the forks of the river. The ambition of the elder Verendrye, to win his way through to the "Western Sea", was not realized, but yet his

perseverance in the face of great difficulties had opened channels of trade running to the heart of the Great West.¹

“PETIT ROCHER DE LA HAUTE MONTAGNE.”

This, the oldest known of the native songs of Canada, is the lament of the dying trapper, Cadieux. The poem was found written in blood on a piece of birch-bark beside the body of Cadieux, after he had attracted the attention of the hostile Iroquois to himself, in order that his companions might escape. It is one of our finest French-Canadian folk songs.

Little Altar of this rugged mountain great,
Here ends my life, 't is my lonely fate:
Oh softest echoes, hear my lonely sigh,
Languishing, I know I'm soon to die.

Sing little birds, your chirping song so sweet
Makes life so dear, my happiness replete,
Had I but wings, soon would I fly away,
Being as I am, must I surely stay.

In this forest, so full of deep concern
For all those dear-ones, how I long to learn——
Dreading lest in waters cold, they sleep,
That cruel Iroquois, their trophies keep.

Once, while I strayed away from here,
Returning late, did quake with mortal fear;
My chimney smoked, my hut was filled—
Perchance with Iroquois, then would I be killed.

But crouching low, I saw through open door,
Three countrymen of mine, and nothing more,

¹ By permission of D. M. Duncan and W. J. Gage & Co. Ltd.

Yet fainting then, when just as help had come,
To wake, to find myself once more alone.

A howling wolf approached me as I spoke,
Seeing that my fire had not any smoke.
My gun I seized, while quickly taking aim,
Begone I cried, lest surely you'll be slain.

An old black crow, flew up as if by chance,
With prying look, he perched on nearby branch.
Said I then, "Fly quickly off from here
Get your carrion at another's bier."

"THE GREAT NORTH WEST."

FROM "PATHFINDERS OF THE WEST."

I love thee, O thou great, wild, rugged land
Of fenceless field and snowy mountain height,
Uprearing crests all starry diademed
Above the silver clouds; a sea of light
Swims o'er thy prairies, shimmering to the sight
A rolling world of glossy yellow wheat
That runs before the wind in billows bright
As waves beneath the beat of unseen feet.

* * * *

Thy roaring tempests sweep from out the north—
Ten thousand cohorts on the wind's wild mane—
No hand can check thy frost steeds bursting forth
To gambol madly o'er the storm swept plain;
Thy hissing snowdrifts wreath their serpent train,
With stormy laughter shrieks the joy of might—
Or lifts, or falls, or wails upon the wane—
While tempests sweep their stormy trail of white.

Yes, man must sink or fight, be strong or die;
That is the law, oh great, free, strenuous west;

The weak thou wilt make strong till he defy
Thy buffetings; but spacious prairie breast
Will never nourish weakling as its guest;
He must grow strong or die; thou givest all
An equal chance—to work, to do their best —
Free land, free hand—thy son must work or fall;
And so I love thee, great, free, rugged land
Of cloudless summer days, with west wind croon,
And prairie flowers all dewy diademed,
And twilight long, with blood red, low hung moon
And mountain peaks that glisten white each noon
Through purple haze that veils the western sky—
And well I know the meadow lark's glad tune
As up and down he lilts and circles high
And sings sheer joy—be strong, be free: be strong or die.
—*Agnes C. Laut.*¹

¹ By permission of the Author and the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

XXIV.

TREATY OF GHENT SIGNED DECEMBER 24th, 1814, ENDING WAR OF 1812.

Peace and Good Will Along the Border.

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS.

One of the Presidents of the United States termed the period of history following the War of 1812 "an era of good feeling." During this era of good feeling the rancors and enmities of war were forgotten, and the people passionately lent themselves to the building up of the nation. It was an era of industry and co-operation. Government was improved and the problems of democracy were studied intelligently. Greater facilities for education were provided. Colleges were founded and institutions of charity and benevolence were established. Religious life was revived and the churches adapted themselves more to the needs of the people.

This era of good feeling was the beginning of "the century of peace" between Great Britain and the United States. Through the steady advance of trade and commerce old barriers were broken down, and the young nation became a member of the world neighborhood. A national spirit rapidly evolved, and, as might be expected in a young nation, the national spirit sometimes manifested itself intemperately in the public press. On the whole, however, journalism steadily improved and it was during this period that the foundations of an American literature were laid. In fact it was chiefly through the literary point of contact between England and America that the two nations gradually became reconciled to each other. Writers like Washington

Irving were surely but steadily bridging the gulf between the two peoples by striking a common chord in the hearts of their readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

These writers deserve our sincere thanks to-day, for among the many factors which tend to unite the world and spread the spirit of brotherhood, none perhaps is more potent than literature. The printed page will go where nothing else will find a way so easily. Baiting of things British still goes on in a certain section of the American press, and dart-throwing at the American eagle is still the favorite pastime of some British papers. It is, however, a bad business all round and is quite contrary to the spirit animating the great bulk of the citizens of Britain and America.

Of a far different nature was the message sent by the National Commander of the American Legion to Field Marshall Haig and Admiral Beatty on August 24th, 1920, the sixth anniversary of Britain's entry into the War. It reads as follows:

"Honor to the statesmen who had the courage to assume the responsibility of that decision. Honor to the British millions, who, with valor unsurpassed and hearts of oak, executed that decision on Britain's many fronts. When we contemplate what would have been the state of affairs in the world to-day had not Britain acted as she did, and when she did, the trials and difficulties of the present hour, however vexatious they may seem now to be, sink into comparative insignificance. United States forces have had the privilege of service on land and seas under British high command. The memories of the associations of those great days will never perish. They will perpetuate themselves in our hearts and thus serve to perpetuate the indissoluble friendship of the British and American peoples."

Nor does this incident stand alone as an indication of the spirit of good will that exists to-day between Great Britain and America. A few days after this message was sent and received, there was unveiled in the city of London a statue of President Lincoln, presented to the

British people by the people of the United States. The formal presentation was made by Elihu Root, an outstanding American, who expressed the warm friendship of his country for the British people. Premier Lloyd George, in accepting, paid a noble tribute to the memory of Lincoln, making an earnest appeal to the American nation to help in solving the difficult problems that confront the world to-day.

As the years go by, it becomes clear to all who sincerely desire peace in the world that the British and American peoples must stand together. In working towards this end no country holds such a strategic position as Canada. By history this country is an integral part of an Empire that circles the globe; by geography she is the half-way house of that Empire, and by both history and geography, this young Dominion is the tie and the interpreter between the Empire of Britain and the Republic of the United States. To aid in promoting a lasting union in peace and good will between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family is surely worthy of the talents of every red-blooded Canadian. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War, and in this task we shall be given the opportunity to prove that courage, a virtue which has been thought to flourish best on the red field of battle, may be reared to as stately a height on the fair fields of peace.

The century of peace between Canada and the United States has only been possible because of the limitations of armaments on our international boundary waters, the settlement of all our disputes by arbitration or conciliation, and the sense of security from hostile attack which these give to the peoples living on either side of our long, unguarded frontier. It is, indeed, difficult to estimate the beneficial results arising from the signing of the Rush-Bagot treaty in 1817 for the limitation of naval armaments on our Great Lakes. While that agreement may be terminated by either party on six months' notice, it remains to-day a standing witness to the common sense and peaceable intentions of both peoples.

One of the great contributions the United States and Canada can make towards the solution of the world's gravest international problems is the testimony they can bear, from more than one hundred years' experience, that the limitation of armaments tends to promote peace and a sense of security; that all international disputes can be settled by peaceable means rather than by the sword; and that such settlements are consistent with national honour and are vastly more in the national interest than any possible settlement by war.

The other great contribution our two countries can make is to co-operate with other nations in making arbitration, disarmament and security, cardinal and governing principles in the conduct of international relations.

TWO EMPIRES BY THE SEA.

Tune,—“God Save the King.”

“Two empires by the sea
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one race, one claim,
One God whose glorious name
We love and praise.

“Though deep the sea, and wide
’Twixt realm and realm, its tide
Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Grey coasts and islands green,
With bonds of peace serene
And friendship spanned.

“Now, may the God above,
Guard the dear lands we love,
Both east and west.

Let love more frequent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest."

THE NEW PATRIOT.

Who is the patriot? It is he
Who knows no boundary, race, or creed,
Whose nation is humanity,
Whose countrymen all souls that need.

If duty calls, the first to die
On fields of honour and of fame;
But readier where the vanquished lie,
To heal the wounded, raise the lame.

Who is the patriot? Only he
Whose business is the general good,
Whose keenest word is sympathy,
Whose dearest flag is brotherhood.
—*Frederick Lawrence Knowles.*

MY NATIVE LAND.

Before all lands in east or west,
I love my native land the best;
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming:
Both gold and jewels here are found,
While men of noble souls abound,
And eyes with joy are gleaming.

Before all tongues in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best,
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art;
Yet, when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken.

Before all people, east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,
 A race of noble spirit;
A sober mind, a generous heart,
Strong arms to play a manly part,
 They from their sires inherit.

To all the world I give my hand,
My heart I give my native land,
 I seek her good, her glory;
I honour every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
 But love the land that bore me.
 —*Anonymous.*

APPENDIX.

FLAG DAY PROGRAMMES.

PROGRAMME (Jan. 1st).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "The Union Jack."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Song. "The Red, White and Blue."
5. Recitation: "The Union Jack."
6. Flag Drill.
7. Recitation: "The Colours of the Flag."
8. God Save the King!

NOTE—Art and Composition lessons may be assigned on the making of the Union Jack..

PROGRAMME (Jan. 29th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "The Victoria Cross."
3. Recitation: "Immortality," or "The Bivouac of the Dead."
4. The Flag Salute.
5. Recitation: "How Shall I serve my Country?"
6. Recitation: "How Sleep the Brave!"
7. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (Feb. 10th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "Canada Ceded to Great Britain."
3. Recitation:

"Oh! The land of the Maple is the land for me,
The home of the stalwart, the brave and the free,

The Rose and the Thistle, the Shamroek and Lis,
All bloom in one garden 'neath the Maple tree."

4. The Flag Salute.
5. Song. "The Marseillaise."
6. Recitation:

"It stands beside the cottage door,
Canada's Maple tree;
Its waving branches shade us o'er,
The emblem of the free!

In memory bright that Maple stands,
And in our dreams Canadian hands
We clasp in ever-during bands,
Beneath the Maple tree."

7. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (Feb. 13th).

1. Opening Song: "The Red, White and Blue."
2. Teacher's Talk: "Declaration of Right."
3. Recitation: "True Liberty."
4. The Flag Salute.
5. Recitation: "Freedom's Home."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (Mar. 11th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "The Meaning of Responsible Government."
3. Recitation: "Canadians, Be True."
4. The Flag Salute.
5. Speech by Pupil: "Love of Country."
6. School Chorus. "The Maple Leaf Forever."

PROGRAMME (Mar. 25th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "Abolition of the Slave Trade in Great Britain."
3. Song: "The Marseillaise."
4. Recitation: "The Slave's Dream."
5. The Flag Salute.
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (April 22nd).

1. Opening Song: "O Canada!"
2. Teacher's Talk: "The Battle of St. Julien."
3. Song: "The Laddies Who Fought and Won."
4. The Flag Salute.
5. Recitation: "When the Call is Sounded."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (April 23rd).

1. School Chorus: "Rule Britannia."
2. Teacher's Talk. "Shakespeare."
3. Recitation: "Shakespeare, World Conqueror" or "Love of England."
4. The Flag Salute.
5. School Play: "Robin Hood."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (May 15th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "Florence Nightingale."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Reading: "Santa Filomena."
5. Recitation: "The Call of the Red Cross."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (May 24th).

(Out of door celebration if desired.)

1. God Save the King!
2. Raising of Flag.
3. Saluting of Flag.
4. Game of Flags.

Line drawn. Ground each side marked off into squares. Children placed on guard. Object,—to run across line, capture enemy's flag, and recover their position. If caught by opposing side, they are prisoners of war.

5. May-pole dance.

PROGRAMME (June 3rd).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "The King's Birthday."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Recitation: "The King and Queen Pass By."
5. Recitation: "Ode on the King's Birthday."
6. Recitation. "Give us Men."
7. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (June 15th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "Magna Charta."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Reading: "England, My England."
5. Recitation: "Liberty."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (July 1st).

1. Opening Song: "The Maple Leaf."
2. Teacher's Talk: "Dominion Day."
3. The Flag Salute.

4. Reading: "A Song of Canada."
5. Song: "Canada, We Come!"
6. Recitation: "Canada! Maple Land!"
7. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (July 22nd).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk. "Alexander Mackenzie Reaches the Pacific."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Recitation: "The Arms of Canada," or "The Coureur-De-Bois."
5. Reading: "Our Beautiful Land."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (August 3rd).

1. Opening Song: "America." (Tune, "God Save the King").
2. Teacher's Talk: "Columbus Sets Sail for the New World."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Recitation: "Columbus," or "The Prophet Bird."
5. Dialogue: "Columbus and Mate."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (August 4th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "Britain Enters the Great War."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Speech: "The War Aims of the Allies."
5. School Chorus: "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall."
6. Recitation: "The Choir Invisible."
7. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (Sept. 1st to 7th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "The Message of Labor Day."

3. The Flag Salute.
4. Recitation: "The Village Blacksmith."
5. Speech: "Making Butter," "Gardening," etc.
6. Recitation by Junior Pupil: "The Shoe-Maker."
7. Closing Chorus: "Work for the Night is Coming."

PROGRAMME (Sept. 13th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "The Capture of Quebec."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Recitation: "The Death of Wolfe."
5. Reading: "The Plains of Abraham."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME Oct. 13th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "The Battle of Queenston Heights."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Recitation: "The Flag."
5. Speech or Reading: "General Brock."
6. School Chorus: "The Maple Leaf Forever!"
7. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME Oct. 21st).

1. Opening Chorus: "Rule, Britannia."
2. Teacher's Talk: "Battle of Trafalgar."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Recitation: "Do Your Part."
5. Song: "The Death of Nelson."
6. God save the King!

PROGRAMME (Nov. 11th).

1. Hymn: "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."
2. Teacher's Talk: "End of the Great War."
3. The Flag Salute.

4. Recitation: "In Flanders Fields."
5. Two Minutes' Silence.
6. Recitation: "The Heritage of Thanksgiving."
7. Reading: "On Leaving England."

NOTE—This programme might be arranged for the morning of the eleventh, so that the "two minutes' silence" would fall at eleven o'clock, and immediately following "In Flanders Fields."

PROGRAMME (Nov. 27th).

1. Opening Chorus: "The Maple Leaf Forever."
2. Teacher's Talk: "The Model Parliament."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Reading: "A State."
5. Recitation: "Men of England" or "Liberty."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (Dec. 6th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "Verendrye."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. Recitation: "Petit Rocher De La Haute Montagne."
5. Reading: "The Great North West."
6. God Save the King!

PROGRAMME (Dec. 24th).

1. O, Canada!
2. Teacher's Talk: "Peace and Good Will Among Men."
3. The Flag Salute.
4. School Chorus: "Two Empires by the Sea."
5. Recitation: "The New Patriot."
6. Recitation in Unison, or words sung to some familiar hymn tune: "My Native Land."
7. God Save the King!

TABLEAUX FOR FLAG DAYS.

The teacher may desire occasionally to introduce a tableau into the programme for the day, and the following brief list of subjects may prove suggestive :

1. King John Signs Magna Charta.
2. Princess Victoria hailed as Queen.
3. A Shakespeare Tableau—Any Scene.
4. Columbus Sights Land.
5. The Death of Nelson.
6. "The Lady of the Lamp" inspects the Hospital Ward.
7. Laura Secord warns the Canadians.
8. Driving the Last Spike of the C.P.R.
9. Charles II. signs Charter of Hudson's Bay Company.
10. The Fathers of Confederation in Council.

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